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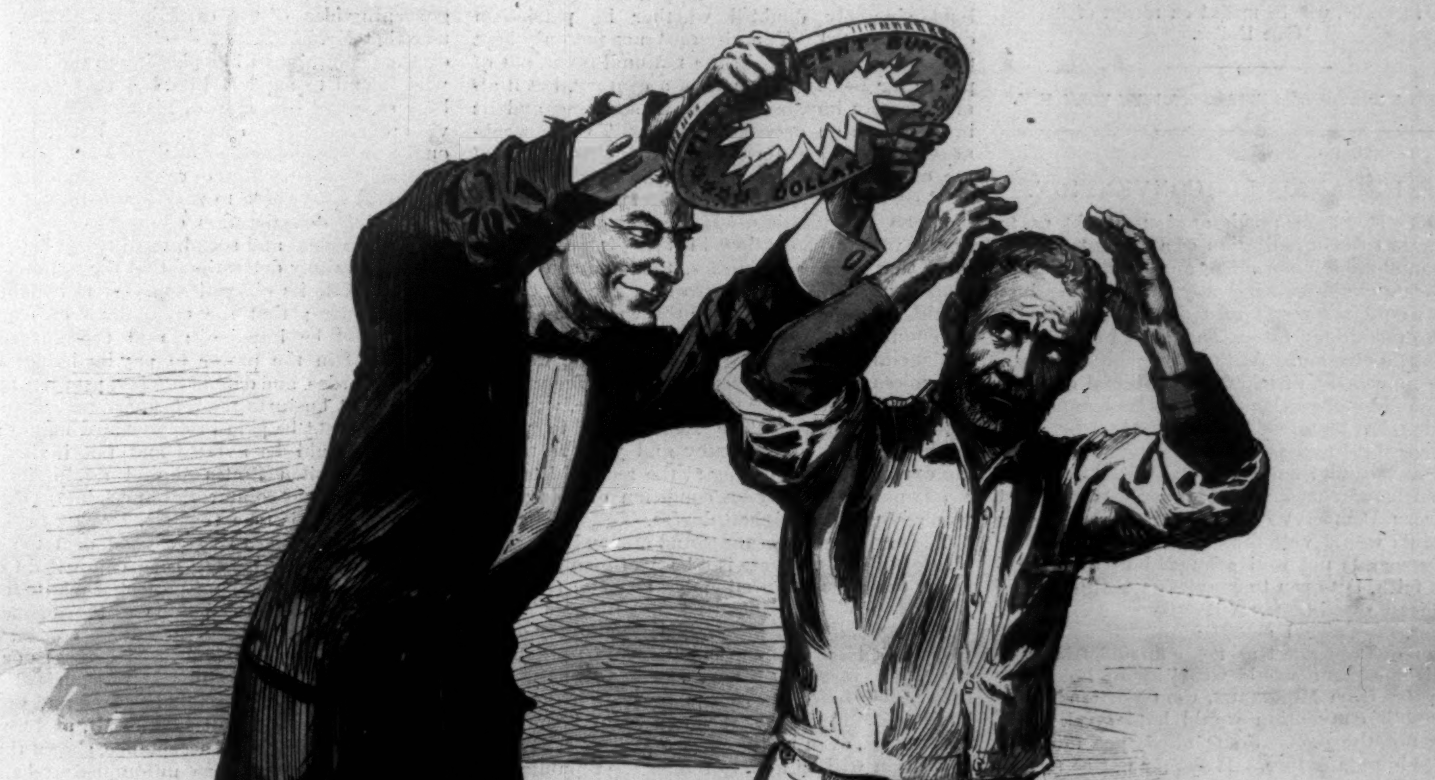
CENT BUNCO
DOLLA
W. A. Rogers.

"YOU SHALL NOT PRESS DOWN UPON THE BROW OF LABOR THIS CROWN."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

NEW YORK CITY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1896.

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Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

The Nation's Honor must be Preserved.

For President,
WILLIAM McKINLEY, OF OHIO.

For Vice-President,
GARRET A. HOBART, OF NEW JERSEY.

PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

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THE INDIANAPOLIS CONVENTION.

THERE has been much anxious doubt as to whether the organization of a separate Democratic sound-money movement and the nomination of a separate sound-money Democratic ticket against BRYAN would not result in a dangerous division of the sound-money forces, and thus imperil Mr. McKINLEY's election. At first it would appear so, and the movement, of which the national convention of sound-money Democracy at Indianapolis is the upshot, has therefore been earnestly deprecated by some sincere and patriotic Democrats. But a careful and candid survey of the whole field will dispel such apprehensions. If it could be expected that every Democrat entertaining sound-money sentiments would vote directly for McKINLEY, or that Democrats not well grounded in the sound-money faith, but open to conviction, would attend Republican meetings as willingly as Democratic meetings, and would accept argument as readily from an old opponent as from an old friend, or that this movement would withdraw or hold back many votes from McKINLEY, the objection to the Indianapolis convention would hold good. But such is not the case. Some allowance must be made for human nature. It should not be forgotten that in the recent past the name of McKINLEY stood for that policy which the Democrats most sincerely and warmly contended against. To vote for McKINLEY is therefore wellnigh the extreme of personal self-abnegation that can be asked of any Democratic party man. That patriotism should rise above such a feeling of repugnance is certainly true, and no doubt it does so in this emergency in thousands upon thousands of instances.

We have, however, to consider not only those whose patriotic sense of duty readily overcomes all obstacles, however great, but also the large number of those who are influenced in their opinions and their conduct by things of minor importance. Unquestionably there are many thousands of Democrats vastly more accessible to arguments and appeals from Democratic than from Republican lips. There are many thousands who, although sincerely desirous of seeing the sound-money cause victorious, and willing, therefore, that Mr. McKINLEY should be the next President of the United States, still would greatly prefer to contribute to this result by voting for a sound-money Democrat than for Mr. McKINLEY himself. There are many thousands who, unless such a Democratic candidate be presented, would stay away from the polls, or even yield to the insidious seduction of pretended party regularity, and at the last moment drop into the ranks of BRYAN's supporters. Well-meaning citizens of this kind—and their name is legion—will, by the nomination of a sound-money Democrat for the Presidency, be helped over their repugnance; their languid interest will be transformed into enthusiasm; they will feel that they themselves are the truly regular Democracy, while the Bryanites are mere renegades from the good old faith; and thus they will form a most aggressive and efficient fighting force for sound money under the Democratic banner which without that Democratic banner would never have existed. At the same time, when the day of voting comes, not only those sound-money Democrats who after the Chicago convention at once made up their minds to vote directly for McKINLEY will do so, but a great many of the less determined men will at the last moment conclude that as the sound-money cause can be saved only by electing McKINLEY anyhow, they may as well do likewise, and thus make their votes count double.

We are therefore sincerely convinced that the Democratic movement represented at Indianapolis will not only not diminish the support which McKINLEY would otherwise have received, but greatly strengthen it, and that it will withdraw from BRYAN many thousands of votes in all parts of the country, especially in the South, which otherwise would have gone to him.

But the Indianapolis convention will perform another service of equally great importance. While helping to put the Republicans in power for a special purpose, it will also save what is worth saving of the Democratic party, and enable it to become that which in a free government always has a great office to perform—a morally and intellectually strong and effective opposition. The Democratic party came out of the civil war under a dark cloud. A majority of the people, in the North at least, sincerely doubted whether its patriotism could be trusted. This circumstance not only kept the Democratic party, in the national sense, out of power for nearly a quarter of a century, but it almost fatally impaired its moral standing and its influence as an opposition party. To this weakness of the opposition may be attributed much of the overbearing spirit and of the recklessness of conduct which at that period demoralized the Republican organization. If there were no other Democratic organization in the present contest than that of the Bryanites, the outcome would probably be still more disastrous. The Democracy would, even more than after the war, stand before the country as the embodiment of the elements and tendencies most dangerous to the public welfare. The voices of its spokesmen, even when denouncing wrong or maintaining truth and justice, would be without authority. The Republicans in power might run riot in profligacy and yet overwhelm the opposition by pointing at the recent history of the Democratic party—a condition of things unwholesome in the highest degree.

The organization of the sound-money Democracy changes all this. There is a body of men who have given the most unquestionable proof of self-sacrificing patriotism. Nobody doubts the sincerity of their devotion to the principles they profess. These principles have historic prestige, and the policies they stand for contain all that is supported by the best public opinion. As an opposition they will have the willing ear of the country, and command the respect even of their adversaries. Thus that opposition will be able to render the republic eminent service, and gradually open to itself the road to power. Nor should it be regretted that the sound-money Democracy is not supported by certain forces calling themselves Democratic. It is rid of the incubus of Tammany Hall. The moral miasma of Senator GORMAN's presence does not infect its atmosphere. The absence from its ranks of other Democratic potentates of the same ilk would still more increase its moral power. The cleaner it is the stronger it will be, and the more sincerely it is to be welcomed on the field of American politics. It may congratulate itself upon the opportunity of winning its spurs by an act of heroic patriotism such as the election of McKINLEY through Democratic efforts will be.

MR. McKINLEY'S LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE.

THE most encouraging feature of Mr. McKINLEY's letter of acceptance is the candidate's recognition of the fact that in this campaign it is of the first importance to save the nation's honor, and to maintain the rule of law, by the defeat of Mr. BRYAN, the free-silver heresy, and the rabble of communists who have imposed themselves upon the honest people who believe that they can secure relief from their troubles by changing and debasing the standard of value. The issue of the campaign that is undoubtedly paramount to all other issues is strongly recognized in the letter in this way: "Government by law must first be assured; everything else can wait." Mr. McKINLEY writes of the financial issue in this way:

> "If, as Republicans, we have lately addressed our attention with what may seem great stress and earnestness to the new and unexpected assault upon the financial integrity of the government, we have done it because the menace is so grave as to demand especial consideration, and because we are convinced that if the people are aroused to the true understanding and meaning of this silver-inflation movement they will avert the danger. In doing this we feel that we render the best service possible to the country, and we appeal to the intelligence, conscience, and patriotism of the people, irrespective of party or section, for their earnest support."

This is, we take it, a direct assertion that the currency issue is paramount to that of any party policy, and that in the estimation of Mr. McKINLEY neither protection nor anything else is of such importance that its attainment can be contemplated for a moment at the cost of any concession whatever to the advocates of free silver. Mr. McKINLEY believes, to quote again from the letter, that the effect of the free coinage of silver

> "would be to reduce property values, entail untold financial loss, destroy confidence, impair the obligations of existing contracts, further impoverish the laborers and producers of the country, create a panic of unparalleled severity, and inflict upon trade and commerce a deadly blow."

The suggestion, therefore, that Mr. McKINLEY might sign a tariff bill with a free-coinage rider added by the Populists of the Senate seems monstrous. Mr. McKINLEY could not sign such a bill unless he is not only unworthy of the Presidency, but of the society of honest men. His bitterest opponents who know him will be among the first to repel such an accusation against him.

The sentences that we have quoted embody the governing idea of the candidate's attitude. It is true that Mr. McKINLEY dwells a good deal more on the tariff than will be pleasing to the Democrats who intend to support him, but that was to have been expected of a man of his antecedents and in view of his public career. His letter, however, ought to be encouraging to those who have feared that he was so given over to tariff heresy that he would not be able to realize the importance of postponing consideration of every other subject, both economical and social, until it had been finally and definitely determined that the nation should not repudiate its obligations either to bondholders or pensioners; that the obligations of contracts should not be impaired; that the government should retain the power to pay its honest debts, preserve order, and defend life and property against mobs; that business men, farmers, and wage-earners should not be paid in depreciated money; that a panic should be averted and not invited; and that the United States should retain its place among the great commercial and honest powers of the world. It is true that Mr. McKINLEY has recently been forced to say a good deal too much about the tariff. He has been compelled to do so by visiting delegations of protected manufacturers who have received the bounty of the government for so many years that they have come to look upon the government and its Treasury as existing for their pecuniary gain. It is such patriotism that the protective principle has bred and fostered. But Mr. McKINLEY, left to himself, as he was in preparing his letter of acceptance, shows that the fears of the doubters are unfounded, and that he does realize the necessity of postponing the tariff question to the settlement of the questions that are vital.

The letter is a strong contribution to the literature of the campaign. Whatever Mr. McKINLEY's views on the money question may once have been, it is evident that he has recently read and thought much on the subject of which most of our public men were profoundly ignorant twenty years ago. He has reached right conclusions, and has stated them with great clearness and vigor. Some of his sentences are well worth remembering, and they are likely to be often heard and read in the course of the campaign. Among the best are the following:

> "It [free coinage] would not make labor easier, the hours of labor shorter, or the pay better. It would not make farming less laborious or more profitable. It would not start a factory or make a demand for an additional day's labor. It would create no new occupations. It would add nothing to the comfort of the masses, the capital of the people, or the wealth of the nation. It seeks to introduce a new measure of value, but would add no value to the thing measured.
>
> "It would not conserve values. On the contrary, it would derange all existing values.
>
> "It would not restore business confidence, but its direct effect would be to destroy the little which yet remains.
>
> "Debasement of the currency means destruction of values.
>
> "No one suffers so much from cheap money as the farmers and laborers. They are the first to feel its bad effects and the last to recover from them. This has been the uniform experience of all countries, and here, as elsewhere, the poor and not the rich are always the greatest sufferers from every attempt to debase our money."

Finally, in contrast with and in opposition to the Chicago platform, Mr. McKINLEY announces himself in favor of the enforcement and extension of the merit system in the civil service.

On the whole, this letter of acceptance is more than an agreeable disappointment to those who have differed from Mr. McKINLEY and who still differ from him on economic questions. In view of it he becomes more than ever the representative of the forces of sound money, of honesty, and of law and order against the forces of fiat money, of repudiation, and of mob rule. The prosperity of the country is bound up in his election, and it becomes the duty of every Democrat who would not only preserve the country from the terrible disasters that would follow Mr. **Bryan**'s election, but who would save his own party from destruction, to aid in securing the election of Mr. **McKinley**. It is well that sound-money Democrats are to nominate a ticket, and to organize a party that will doubtless be the Democratic party of the future. We have stated our reasons for this on the preceding page. But most of the Democrats who think more of their country than of their party, and who are determined to aid in maintaining the nation's honor, even many of those who hope most from the Indianapolis Convention, will vote directly for Mr. **McKinley**.

THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The Republican convention that met at Saratoga last week nominated candidates for Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, and Judge of the Court of Appeals. With the exception of **Irving G. Vann**, who was named for the judgeship, and whose career on the bench of the Supreme Court has been honorable, the nominees are young and comparatively unknown men.

The candidate for Governor is forty-three years old, and possesses the advantage of a not long identification with Mr. **Platt**'s machine. The daily newspapers have said that Mr. **Black** does not belong to any faction of his party. There are no factions in the Republican party of this State. There are honest men in the party who are opposed to Mr. **Platt**, but they are not numerous enough or influential enough to contest successfully with him. Mr. **Black** was temporary chairman of Mr. **Platt**'s convention, and was nominated with Mr. **Platt**'s consent. When he is Governor he will have an opportunity to show whether or not he is also Mr. **Platt**'s tool. The State owes him gratitude for a great service. It was he who carried through the prosecution and secured the conviction of "Bat" **Shea**, Senator **Murphy**'s friend and follower who murdered Ross, Senator **Murphy**'s political enemy. That murder made Rensselaer County Republican, and the conviction of Senator **Murphy**'s friend made Mr. **Black** a member of the present Congress. From a man who has done so much, more may be expected. As temporary chairman he made a speech in which he spoke well and strongly for sound money, and raved nonsensically in praise of partisanship. He chose to be a narrow bigot in the presence of the master-spirit of the convention, and to insult Democrats more grossly than any one has insulted them, except **Bryan**, **Altgeld**, and **Tillman**, although many of the members of that party are now working with Republicans for the sound-money cause, and are showing a higher and purer patriotism than this young candidate has ever had an opportunity to display. But it is to be hoped that his bigotry and insolence were for the occasion only. If he be studiously careful of his speech during the campaign, his candidacy will not be an injury to Mr. **McKinley**.

There is little else to be said about the convention. It declared for sound money as a matter of course. It was Mr. **Platt**'s convention. Indeed, the convention was Mr. **Platt**. It did his bidding in the most minute particular. No rule in the world is more absolute than his. As illustrations of his power, Mr. **Warner Miller** was permitted at his dictation, and against the wish of the delegates, to address the convention before being excluded from it, and a caucus committee is said to have voted 10 to 5 in favor of nominating Congressman **Odell**, but Mr. **Platt** said no, and the minority won. Mr. **Platt** might have been nominated himself, and at one time before the assembling of the convention it seemed as if he might yield to the importunate demands of his servants; but for some reason he preferred to remain the "boss" rather than to risk an appeal to the people, even although he would have had the powerful alliance of the sound-money cause on election day. He finally said no, and, as he predicted, no one dared to suggest his name to the convention.

Mr. **Platt** owed a duty to the country and the State. It was his duty to nominate a candidate who would increase the majority in New York against **Bryan** and communism. He might have done this by compelling Mr. **Morton** to accept a renomination. If he has actually done it, it is by accident rather than intention.

LORD RUSSELL AT SARATOGA.

Whatever opinion one may in other respects entertain of the address of the Lord Chief Justice of England before the American Bar Association, no competent and careful reader will be disposed to deny that it accounts for its author's position at the head of the British bar, which in its turn accounts for his primacy on "the bench of British Themis." It is a very rare skill that can compress into the limits of an address at once so comprehensive a historical account of so great a subject as International Law and so lucid an exposition of the principles upon which it rests. The orator who can do this possesses the qualities which lead to eminence in the legal profession in any country.

Within the compass of the page of a newspaper Lord **Russell** has produced what is in fact a manual of international law. The formal treatises on the subject do little more than to expand and specifically apply the principles which he lays down. It is possible that if he had been speaking in his own country he would not have thought it necessary to pay the compliment he did to the American writers on this subject; and yet the compliment did not go beyond the bounds of strict accuracy. The American publicists have done as much for the fixing of the principles of international law and the application of those principles in the nineteenth century as the Continental writers did in the seventeenth, who were really its first law-givers. International law may be called the codification, at any given time, of the opinion of mankind upon the lengths to which nations may go in the furtherance of their interests or their ambitions. International law is thus the defence of the weak against the strong, of the peaceable against the quarrelsome. It is among the weak nations and the peaceable nations that we should expect international law to be established and expanded. We are, in a military sense, a weak nation, enormous as is our potential strength, and we have been a peaceable nation, having throughout our history been much oftener and more persistently interested in the rights of neutrals than in the rights of belligerents. So it is as natural that the chief authorities on international law during the nineteenth century should be Americans as it was that during the seventeenth they should be the Dutchman **Grotius**, the Swiss **Vattel**, and the German **Puffendorf**, of the kingdom of Saxony, at a time when the only German-speaking first-class power was Austria.

The most immediately interesting part of Lord **Russell**'s address was of course that which bore upon arbitration. Upon this he spoke with a prudent reserve, as beseems a judge of a question which must be decided by the political branch of his government, and he followed in the main the line taken by Lord **Salisbury**, especially as to the withholding of questions not arbitrable. He followed Lord **Salisbury** also in classing among these questions affecting the "national honor." The phrase is so vague and elastic that it may be made to cover almost anything which it is held to be desirable that it may cover. But it is worth while to recall that under the kind of arbitration which is a substitute for private war, and the rules of which are fixed by the duelling code, a principal puts his honor in the hands of his seconds, and is bound by their decision. A treaty of arbitration, like any other treaty, can be annulled. The chief use of it is to make the refusal to arbitrate in any given case a more solemn and responsible national act than it would otherwise be. It is necessary to distinguish between a permanent treaty of arbitration and a permanent tribunal of arbitration. The latter would be of comparatively little use, since the arbitrators in a given case should be chosen with reference to their special fitness for arbitrating that case. A permanent treaty of arbitration, providing a method for forming special tribunals as occasion arose, would be of great utility, would indeed constitute an important safeguard for the peace of the world.

RELIEF OR RESCUE FOR THE ARMENIANS.

The Armenians are certainly to be pitied. Just as they are rallying somewhat from the massacres and the subsequent destitution and demoralization, there comes a proposition which will do more than almost anything else to cut off the sources from which relief has come, and also bind them more closely under Turkish tyranny. About $700,000 has been collected in this country and England, which has been expended chiefly for food and clothing, but also for implements of labor. It is not a large sum, but it has accomplished marvels in the preservation of life and in the reviving of hope and courage. Of late there has arisen a feeling that unless there is hope of altered political conditions, to continue such charity is simply to "pour water into a sieve," and the question has arisen, would it not be better to get the Armenians out of the country? One of the relief associations has taken up the idea, and calls for a million-dollar fund to secure emigration.

There is something plausible in this, yet really no more impracticable or pernicious scheme could well be proposed. There are about 1,500,000 Armenians in the disturbed sections of Turkey. They are mostly peasants or small tradesmen, thoroughly wedded to their Oriental homes, manner of life, and methods of work. Misfortune has left them poor, broken-spirited, with little courage for change. The Turkish government is bitterly opposed not merely to their leaving the country, but to their changing residence. To get any appreciable number away it would be necessary to overcome the hostility of the Turk and their own inertia, find a country to take them to, transport them, provide them dwellings, tools, and living expenses for some time, and pay the agents of the emigration scheme. The cheapest place would be Persia, but they would be little if any better off on the whole. Russia doesn't want them. There is no room in Europe. How far would the fund go towards bringing them to and settling them on this continent?

In fact the scheme is utterly impracticable. More than that, it is very nearly criminal. It discourages the only way in which relief can come to them, and by arousing the jealousy of the Turkish government makes their situation more difficult. Bad as their condition is it is better than it has been, and the only way to relieve it in the future is to continue the gifts. A dollar of relief is worth fifty dollars spent in schemes of rescue. So long as the missionaries are on the field, every cent contributed will be well used. **Brown Brothers** of this city, or the treasurer of the American Board in Boston, will forward all that is sent.

WHAT INFLATION MEANS.

The memory of communities is short in financial experiences, and each generation contains sufficient raw material to wish to repeat the experiment in the face of the opposition and warnings of the older and wiser heads. The silver movement is, in essence, merely a repetition of the greenback agitation of twenty years ago; and the greenback agitation was itself a survival of the war's experiment in finance.

Money is something which passes from hand to hand freely in exchange for commodities, and is unhesitatingly accepted as an equivalent because the receiver knows he can at any time and at his need or convenience obtain the same value in commodities. Money is useful only to facilitate exchanges of commodities, and to keep value in suspense, as it were, until the exchange is completed. If money should fluctuate suddenly and frequently during this transfer, its utility would be destroyed. No one would part with the products of his labor for money, because he would not know what he could obtain with the money when he took it into the market to buy. If money has an artificial, fictitious, and purely local value, its utility is, in part or in whole, destroyed, because thereby its functions are limited, and, placed beyond the natural laws governing its quantity, its exchangeability fluctuates with the quantity.

It is immaterial whether the article taken to serve as money be gold, silver, or paper; the interference of government in the natural movement results in the same disturbances. Let us take paper, in which a very thorough experiment was tried in seeking to make it what it was not. During the war an excessive quantity of paper was issued by the government, and it was made a legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private. Deprived of the natural check upon an over-issue—redemption in coin—this excessive issue remained in the country and depreciated. Here is the value of paper in gold and of gold in paper:

Calendar year.	Value in paper of $1 gold.	Value in gold. of $1 paper.
1862	$1.133	$ .88
1863	1.452	.69
1864	2.033	.49
1865	1.573	.63
1866	1.41	.71
1867	1.38	.72
1868	1.40	.72

These figures mean there was so much paper currency in circulation that in 1864 two dollars in paper would purchase only as much of any article as one dollar in gold. Thus the prices of certain articles in 1860 and in 1864, in gold and paper, were:

	1860.	1864.	
	Cents (gold).	Cents (paper).	Cents (gold).
Beef, lb.	11 @ 14	22 @ 30	11 @ 15
Mutton, lb.	8 @ 10	16 @ 20	8 @ 10
Pork, lb.	9 @ 12	20 @ 30	10 @ 15
Ham, cut, lb.	11	20 @ 32	10 @ 16
Lard, lb.	11	30	15
Butter, lb.	25 @ 35	70 @ 100	35 @ 50
Sugar, lb.	8	30	15
Milk, qt.	4 @ 5	12	6

The cost of living was just doubled.

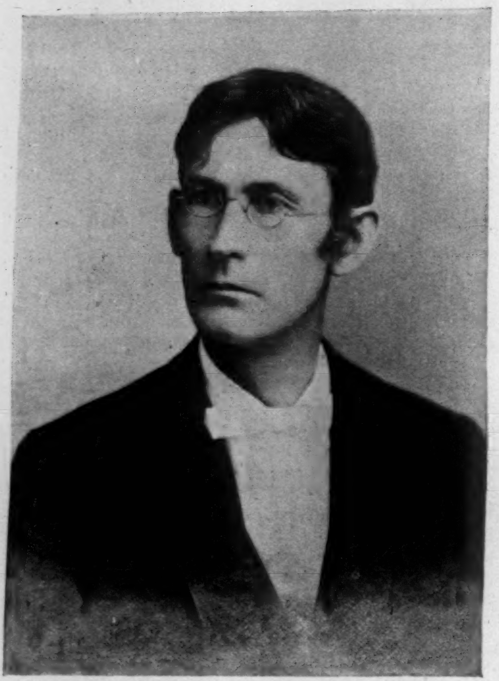
How can that be? may be asked; it was merely a doubling in quantity of money in circulation, and prices doubled. The consumer paid out two dollars instead of one; but the two dollars were worth no more than one had been. Here is the fallacy. The man of fixed income and the working-man on day wages did not receive two dollars in place of the one they had formerly received. The good government had said by law that one dollar in paper should be receivable everywhere in the United States, and in all transactions, public and private, as one dollar. The following was the result: In 1860 a working-man earning $10 a week would have paid to him every Saturday $10, which could purchase more than two barrels of flour at wholesale prices. In the following years, as paper depreciated, he was obliged to accept $10 in paper, and when he came into the market to buy flour he found he could not obtain anything like two barrels.

	$10 in paper were worth,	Could buy in flour,
1862	$8.80	1.9 bbls.
1863	6.90	1.7 "
1864	4.90	1.2 "

His wages nominally remained $10 a week; in reality it had become reduced to $4.90 a week.

No one who has given careful attention to the history of that period is willing to admit that the high prices of commodities were a sign of prosperity. On the contrary, it was a period of stress and suffering, and few felt it more keenly than the working-man who saw monthly the purchasing power of his wages decrease. This suffering, lasting as it did through the entire period of an irredeemable paper currency, cost the people fully as much as did the war.

Now the case of silver stands upon just the same basis as did paper. Free coinage of silver at a fictitious value—that is, at other than its market ratio—will result in excessive issues, because no part can get out of the country; and all prices must be regulated by the artificial value conferred upon the metal by law. Since 1873 the market value of silver has fallen almost to what was the lowest value of the greenback during the war. In 1873 the silver in the dollar was worth just $1 00 in gold, or any other commodity. In 1894 the same quantity of silver was worth forty-nine cents. This is nearly the range of the fall in paper in 1864. At the present time prices are regulated by gold, and the silver in circulation is not sufficient to overthrow that regulator. Free silver at 16 to 1 would mean a repetition of the experiences of 1862–5. Prices would double, and wages remain nearly stationary.



FRANK S. BLACK.
Photographed by Towne.

FRANK S. BLACK,

REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR THE GOVERNORSHIP OF NEW YORK.

The nominee of the Republican party for Governor of the State of New York, Frank S. Black, was born on March 8, 1853, at Limington, York County, Maine. Mr. Black's father was a farmer, by no means in easy circumstances, and with a large family to support. As a lad, young Black worked on the farm in summer, attending school in winter. After a short course at the Limington Academy, Mr. Black became a school-teacher. By dint of economy he saved money enough to enable him to enter the Freshman class of Dartmouth College in 1871. The four years of his college life were devoted to study. It was uphill work. To find the necessary money the young man worked during the summer on his father's farm, and again taught school. Surmounting many difficulties, he was graduated with honors in 1875. Bent on the study of law, Mr. Black removed to Jamestown, Chautauqua County, in this State, in 1875, and entered the office of Wells, Dudley, & Co. As a means of support he became attached to the Jamestown *Journal*. After three months' service on this journal he went to Troy, and acted as a reporter on the Troy *Whig*, and for some brief period was connected with the Troy post-office.

Mr. Black, still continuing his law studies, entered the office of Robertson & Foster. In 1879 he was admitted to the bar, and was associated with Albert Smith and George B. Wellington. His success seems to have been immediate, several important civil cases having been placed under his charge. In time Mr. Black dissolved his partnership with Messrs. Wellington and Smith, and carried on his profession alone. An ardent Republican, he was not prominent in active politics before 1894, and then he took position as a reformer. Mr. Black was brought conspicuously before the public as Chairman of the Committee of One Hundred, when an organization was formed to prosecute the murderer of Ross. As an assistant of the District Attorney in the prosecution of those under indictment he showed marked ability. Then Mr. Black became nominee for Congress in 1894, and was elected. In Congress he served on the committees on Pacific Railroads and Private Land Claims. Without having taken a leading position in Congress, Mr. Black showed himself to be a useful member. At the ratification McKinley meeting held in New York on June 23 last, the nominee for the Governorship made one of the speeches. One sentence of his address is worthy of preservation. Mr. Black said, "Money is the blood of business, and if you weaken and thin it, so that its essential qualities are destroyed, the effect upon the business community will be the same as the effects of unhealthy blood upon the body."

DAVID ROWLAND FRANCIS,

SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.

David Rowland Francis, who succeeds Mr. Hoke Smith as Secretary of the Interior, was born in Madison County, Kentucky, October, 1850. Mr. Francis is accordingly the youngest member of President Cleveland's cabinet. When he was fifteen Mr. Francis moved to Missouri, and a year after entered the Washington University of St. Louis, and was graduated in 1870 at the head of his class. With a decided liking for business, his start in a commercial life was as a clerk in the house of Messrs. Shyrock & Rowland. In time he became one of the partners of the firm, and in 1877 entered into business on his own account. Occupying an important position in St. Louis as a leading man of affairs, he filled successively the positions of Director, Vice-President, and President of the Merchants' Exchange.

In 1884 Mr. Francis took part in the National Democratic Convention which nominated Mr. Cleveland. Representing the Democratic party in St. Louis, he was elected Mayor of St. Louis in 1885. As the first officer of the city, Mr. Francis's career was a distinguished one. He set his face against the many rings which before his time had wellnigh ruined St. Louis. Among other matters which may be cited was his bringing to a successful termination the long litigation between St. Louis and the Missouri Pacific Railway. One of the main points at issue was a claim the city held against the railroad for a very large amount of money, and the courts having finally declared in favor of the Mayor, $950,000 was paid to St. Louis, and so the debt of the city was sensibly reduced.

In 1888 Mr. Francis received on the first ballot the Democratic nomination for Governor of Missouri, and he was elected. Being at that time thirty-eight years old, he was the youngest man the State had thus ever honored. During his administration the business of the State was so thoroughly and capably managed as to call forth the praises of even those who had been politically opposed to him.

DAVID ROWLAND FRANCIS.

Mr. Cleveland's acquaintance with the present Minister of the Interior dates from further back than when Mr. Francis assisted in the nomination of the President. As a merchant, Mr. Francis has gained universal respect in St. Louis for his honesty and enterprise. As an advocate of sound money Mr. Francis stands well to the front.

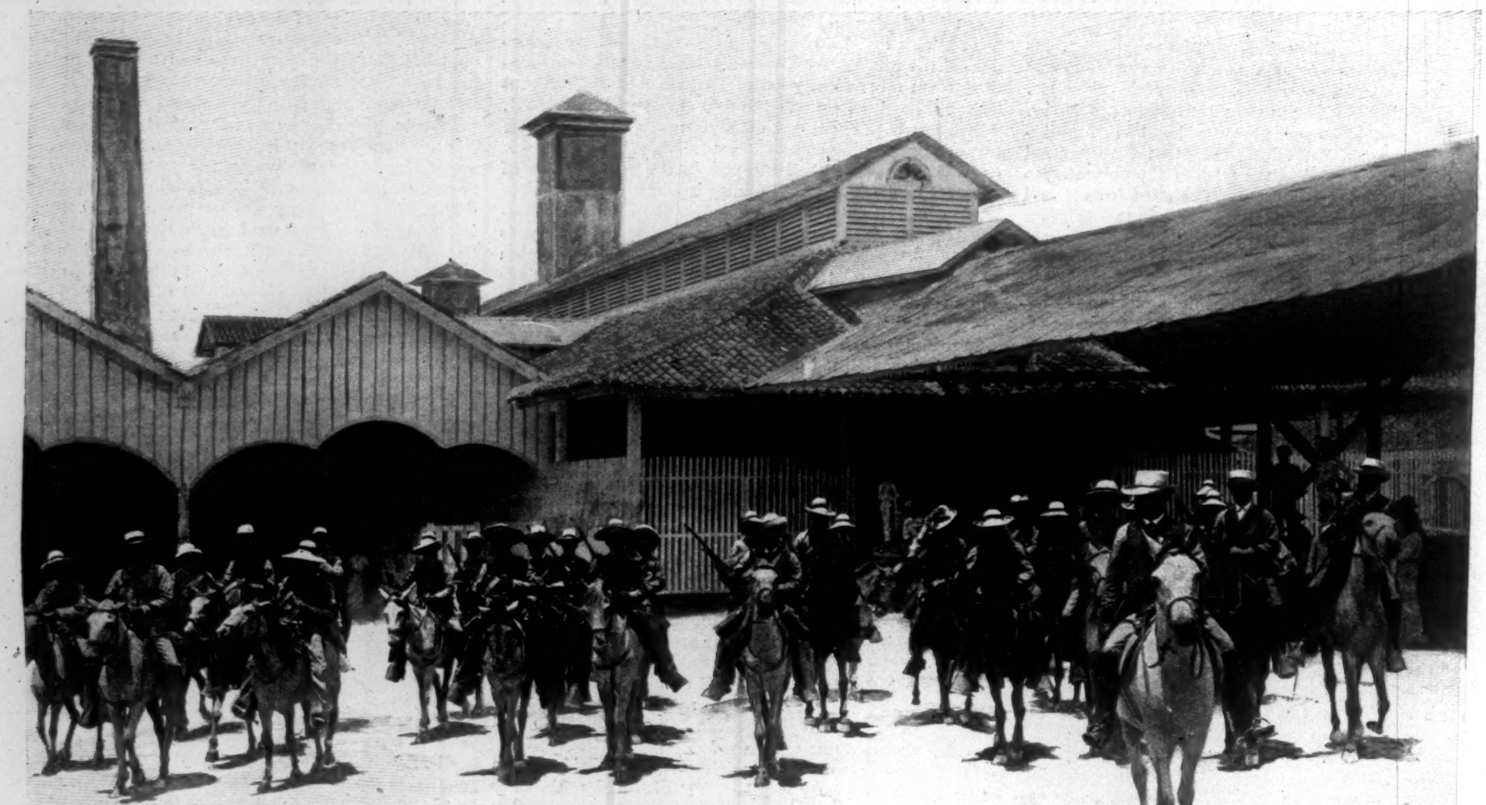
THE CORN-HUSKER.

BY E. PAULINE JOHNSON (TEKAHIONWAKE).

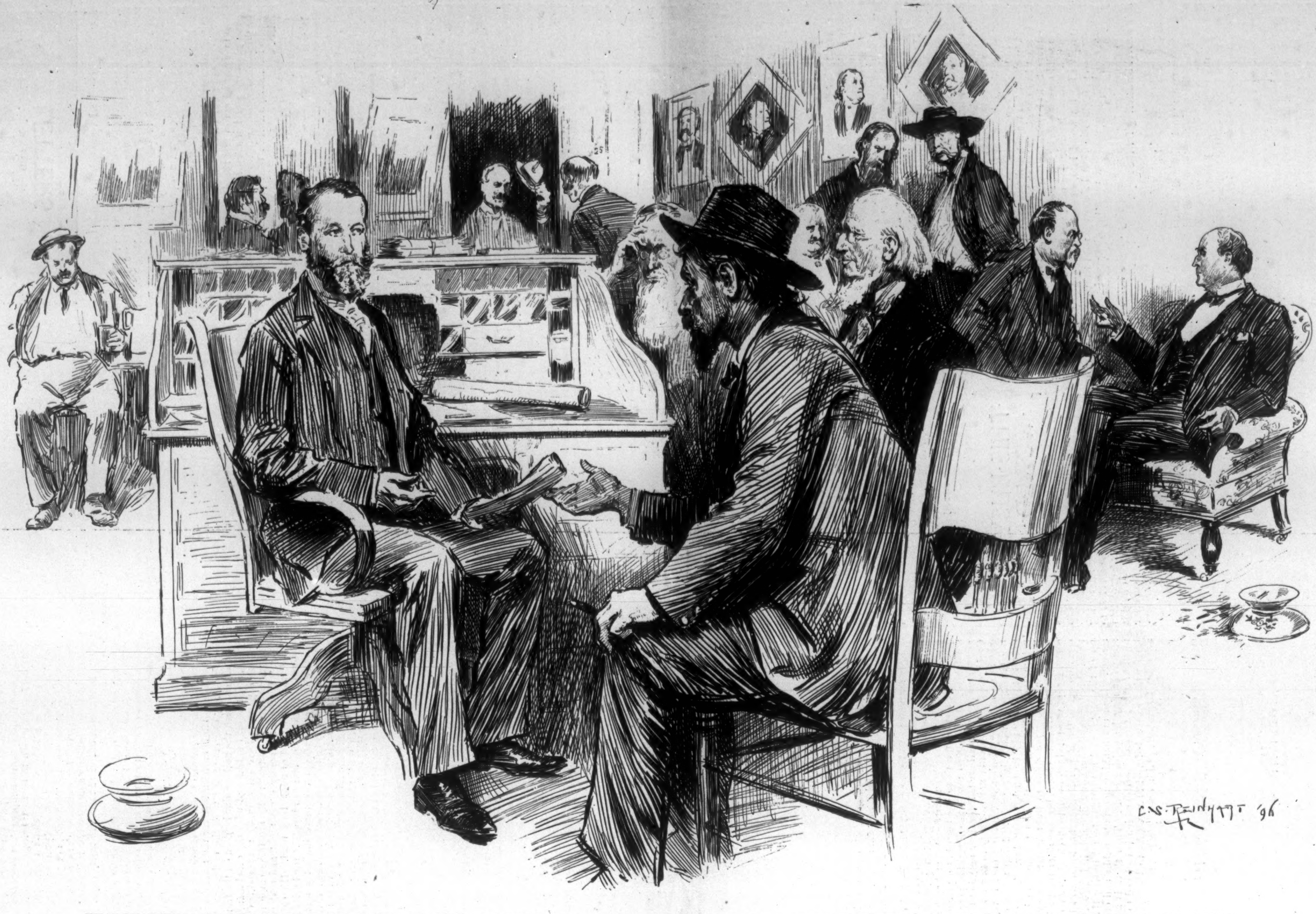
Hard by the Indian lodges, where the bush
Breaks in a clearing; through ill-fashioned fields
She comes to labor, when the first still hush
Of autumn follows large and recent yields.

Age in her fingers, hunger in her face,
Her shoulders stooped with weight of work and years,
But rich in tawny coloring of her race,
She comes afield, to strip the purple ears.

And all her thoughts are with the days gone by,
Ere might's injustice banished from their lands
Her people, that to-day unheeded lie
Like the dead husks that rustle from her hands.



A SPANISH GUERILLA FORCE IN CUBA.—Photographed by T. R. Dawley, Jr.—[See Page 882.]



HEADQUARTERS OF THE FREE-SILVER PARTY AT THE BARTHOLDI HOTEL, NEW YORK CITY—MR. ST. JOHN RECEIVING A DELEGATION FROM THE WEST AND SOUTH.

Drawn by Charles S. Reinhart.

LIFE AND LETTERS

I CONFESS that I cannot hear people rejoice in their summer sojourn as beyond the reach of excursionists without a certain rebellion; and yet I have to confess also that after spending a Sunday afternoon of late July with the excursionists at one of the beaches near New York, I was rather glad that my own summer sojourn was not within reach of them. I know very well that the excursionists must go somewhere, and as a man and a brother I am willing they should go anywhere, but as a friend of quiet and seclusion I should be sorry to have them come much where I am. It is not because I would deny them a share of any pleasure I enjoy, but because they are so many and I am so few that I think they would get all the pleasure and I none. I hope the reader will see how this attitude distinguishes me from the selfish people who inhumanly exult in their remoteness from excursionists.

I.

It was at Rockaway Beach that I saw these fellow-beings whose mere multitude was too much for me. They were otherwise wholly without offence towards me, and so far as I noted, toward each other; they were in fact the most entirely peaceable multitude I ever saw, in any country, and the very quietest. There were thousands, mounting well up toward tens of thousands, of them, in every variety of age and sex; yet I heard no voice lifted above the conversational level, except that of some infant ignorant of its privileges in a day at the sea-side, or some showman crying the attractions of the spectacle in his charge. I used to think the American crowds rather boisterous and unruly, and many years ago, when I lived in Italy, I celebrated the greater amiability and self-control of the Italian crowds. But we have certainly changed all that within a generation, and if what I saw the other day was a typical New York crowd, then the popular joy of our poorer classes is no longer the terror it once was to the peaceful observer. The tough was not visibly present, nor the toughess, either of the pure native East Side stock or of the Celtic extraction; yet there were large numbers of Americans with rather fewer recognizable Irish among the masses, who were mainly Germans, Russians, Poles, and the Jews of these several nationalities.

There was eating and drinking without limit, on every hand, and in every kind, at the booths abounding in fried sea-food, and at the tables under all the wide-spreading verandas of the hotels and restaurants; yet I saw not one drunken man, and of course not any drunken women. No one, that I saw, was even affected by drink, and no one was guilty of any rude or unseemly behavior. The crowd was, in short, a monument to the democratic ideal of life in that very important expression of life, personal conduct. I have not any notion who or what the people were, or how virtuous or vicious they privately might be; but I am sure that no society assemblage could be of a goodlier outside; and to be of a goodly outside is all that the mere spectator has a right to ask of any crowd.

I fancied, however, that great numbers of this crowd, or at least all the Americans in it, were Long-Islanders from the inland farms and villages within easy distance of the beach. They had probably the hereditary habit of coming to it, for it was a favorite resort in the time of their fathers and grandfathers, who had—

> —"many an hour whiled away
> Listening to the breakers' roar
> That washed the beach at Rockaway."

But the clothing-store and the paper pattern have equalized the cheaper dress of the people so that you can no longer know citizen and countryman apart by their clothes, still less citizeness and countrywoman; and I can only conjecture that the foreign-looking folk I saw were from New York and Brooklyn. They came by boat, and came and went by the continually arriving and departing trains, and last but not least by bicycles, both sexes. A few came in the public carriages and omnibuses of the neighborhood, but by far the vaster number whom neither the boats nor the trains had brought had their own vehicles, the all-pervading bicycles, which no one seems so poor as not to be able to keep. The bicyclers stormed into the frantic village of the beach the whole afternoon, in the proportion of one woman to five men, and most of these must have ridden down on their wheels from the great cities. Boys ran about in the roadway with bunches of brasses, to check the wheels, and put them for safe-keeping in what had once been the stable-yards of the hotels; the restaurants had racks for them, where you could see them in solid masses, side by side, for a hundred feet, and no shop was without its door-side rack, which the wheelman might slide his wheel into, when he stopped for a soda, a cigar, or a sandwich. All along the road the gay bicycler and bicycless swarmed upon the piazzas of the inns, munching, lunching, while their wheels formed a fantastic decoration for the underpinning of the house and a novel balustering for the steps.

II.

The amusements provided for all these throngs of people were not different from those provided for throngs of people everywhere, who must be of much the same mind and taste the world over. I had fine moments when I moved in an illusion of the Midway Plaisance; again I was at the Fête de Neuilly, with all of Paris but the accent about me; yet again the county agricultural fairs of my youth spread their spectral joys before me. At none of these places, however, was there a sounding sea or a mountainous chute, and I made haste to experience the variety these afforded, beginning with the chute, since the sea was always there, and the chute might be closed for the day if I waited to view it last. I meant only to enjoy the pleasure of others in it, and I confined my own participation to the ascent of the height from which the boat plunges down the watery steep into the oblong pool below. When I bought my ticket for the car that carried passengers up, they gave me also a pasteboard medal, certifying for me, "You have shot the chute," and I resolved to keep this and show it to doubting friends as a proof of my daring; but it is a curious evidence of my unfitness for such deceptions that I afterwards could not find the medal. So I will frankly own that for me it was quite enough to see others shoot the chute, and that I came tamely down myself in the car. There is a very charming view from the top, of the sea with its ships, and all the mad gayety of the shore, but of course my main object was to exult in the wild absurdity of those who shot the chute. There was always a lady among the people in the clumsy flat boat that flew down the long track, and she tried usually to be a pretty girl, who clutched her friends and lovers and shrieked aloud in her flight; but sometimes it was a sober mother of her family, with her brood about her, who was probably meditating, all the way, the inculpation of their father for any harm that came of it. Apparently no harm came of it in any case. The boat struck the water with the impetus gained from a half-perpendicular slide of a hundred feet, bounded high into the air struck again and again, and so flounced awkwardly across the pond to the further shore, where the passengers debarked, and went away to commune with their viscera, and to get their breath as they could. I did not ask any of them what their emotions or sensations were, but so far as I could conjecture, the experience of shooting the chute must comprise the rare transport of a fall from a ten-story building, and the delight of a tempestuous passage of the Atlantic, powerfully condensed.

The mere sight was so athletic that it took away any appetite I might have had to witness the feats of strength performed by Madame La Noire at the nearest booth on my coming out, though madame herself was at the door to testify, in her own living picture, how much muscular force may be masked in vast masses of adipose. She had a weary, bored look, and was not without her pathos, poor soul, as few of those are who amuse the public; but I could not find her quite justifiable as a Sunday entertainment. One forgot, however, what day it was, and for the time I did not pretend to be so much better than my neighbors that I would not compromise upon a visit to an animal show a little further on. It was a pretty fair collection of beasts that had once been wild, perhaps, and in the cage of the lions there was a slight, sad-looking, long-haired young man, exciting them to madness by blows of a whip and pistol-shots, whom I was extremely glad to have get away without being torn in pieces, or at least bitten in two. A little later I saw him at the door of the tent, very breathless, dishevelled, and as to his dress not of the spotlessness one could wish. But perhaps spotlessness is not compatible with the intimacy of lions and lionesses. He had had his little triumph; one spectator of his feat had declared that you would not see anything like that at Coney Island; and soiled and dusty as he was in his cotton tights, he was preferable to the living picture of a young lady whom he replaced as an attraction of the show. It was professedly a moral show; the manager exhorted us as we came out to say whether it was good or not; and in the box-office sat a kind and motherly-faced matron who would have apparently abhorred to look upon a living picture at any distance, much less have it at her elbow.

Upon the whole, there seemed a melancholy mistake in it all; the people to whom the showmen made their appeal were all so much better, evidently, than the showmen supposed; the showmen themselves appeared harmless enough, and one could not say that there was personally any harm in the living picture; rather she looked listless and dull, but as to the face respectable enough.

I would not give the impression that most of the amusements were not in every respect decorous. As a means of pleasure, the merry-go-round, both horizontal with horses and vertical with swinging cradles, prevailed, and was none the worse for being called by the French name of *carrousel*, for our people anglicize the word, and squeeze the last drop of Gallic wickedness from it by pronouncing it carousal. At every other step there were machines for weighing you and ascertaining your height; there were photographers' booths, and X-ray apparatus for showing you the inside of your watch; and in one open tent I saw a gentleman (with his back to the public) having his fortune read in the lines of his hand by an Egyptian seeress. Of course there was everywhere soda, and places of the softer drinks abounded.

W. D. HOWELLS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

SPEAKING of the great meeting of the gold Democrats which Mr. Cockran addressed, the *Evening Post* said, "The meeting at Madison Square Garden last night was immense in every respect." The *Post* is always interesting in its use of language, and one of its notable services to the public has been in teaching the value of quotation marks in qualifying the significance of words. Could it not have expressed itself more tersely and with superior vigor by saying, "The meeting was immense"; or perhaps, "The meeting was 'immense'". The word "immense" in its contemporary use is an adjective of such comprehensiveness that its scope is limited rather than enlarged by any specification of its dimensions.

Curfew laws seem to grow in popularity in the West. Columbus, Ohio, adopted one not long since (following the example of several other cities), and very recently the city fathers of Topeka, Kansas, have taken a similar precaution. The Topeka law, as described in the newspapers, provides that children under sixteen years of age who are found on the streets or in public places, unaccompanied by guardians, after nine o'clock in summer and eight o'clock in winter, shall be arrested and fined not less than five nor more than twenty-five dollars. The fire-bell is to ring every evening fifteen minutes before the hour fixed by law. If there is to be a curfew law it is very much better that it should be a city ordinance than a State law. If government, municipal or State, is to be paternal, it is better that its paternalism should be tried on children than on grown people. Nevertheless curfew laws must strike the conservative East as somewhat advanced. Of course they are police measures, and their enforcement is likely to be tempered with discretion; but their best point seems to be that, being city ordinances, they are easy to get rid of if they don't give satisfaction. The city of New York laws that are (practically) enforceable in the discretion of the police are not popular nowadays. Mr. Roosevelt, for example, does not believe in them. If New York had a curfew law it is likely that it would be enforced out of existence in thirty days.

It was recently reported that the post of military attaché to the American Embassy to London was vacant, and had been offered to three officers, all of whom have declined it on the ground that their salaries could not support the dignity of the job. It is a very pretty place, and one that has not been used to go begging. It calls for an officer of the rank of major, and gives him little to do except to look handsome and to adorn London society with his presence. He is entitled to wear the most decorative clothes of any one connected with the embassy. When he rides out with the ambassador he goes on the front seat inside, and not on the box-seat with the coachman, as ill-informed persons have erroneously supposed. Opportunities to meet folks that really are folks come to him daily. He dines out nearly every night, and seldom is at loss for a hearty meal of nourishing food. His chief expenses are for lodgings and cab hire, but the hesitation of worthy officers to accept the place indicates that even those expenses may be too considerable. The real trouble must be that the majors in Uncle Sam's army are middle-aged men with families, and a salary that might maintain the attaché himself well enough in London will not also maintain his family, either at home in his absence or with him abroad. If lieutenants had rank enough for the place, it would probably be easy to keep it filled with young unmarried officers of the requisite stature and comeliness.

Mariners say that ships are lost in trios, and when one goes down they begin to look for news of disaster to the other two. One is reminded of this sailors' whim by the successive deaths within a short time of three very well known American women—Kate Field, Mrs. Stowe, and Gail Hamilton. It would not be easy to find among living Americans three women whose activities have been more pervasive and who were more notable and more noted, each in her own way, than these three who have gone out into the unknown almost within hailing distance of one another. In Miss Dodge's case one can hardly call the other world unknown, so strongly was she impressed with the sense of having reached beyond its border in her recent illness and brought back word to earth of the life that is there.

The silver service to be given by the citizens of Iowa to the battle-ship named after that State is to consist of forty-one pieces, containing nearly 2000 ounces of silver. It is being made by a Philadelphia firm, and promises to stand comparison with the plate given to the *Indiana*, the *New York*, and other new ships.

Making newspaper in the dog-days is uphill work, and the dearth of things necessary to be communicated and discussed makes the discussion of unnecessary topics more excusable than usual. The investigation of the status of public sentiment in the matter of "mixed bathing," which some journals lately went into, was a real dog-day expedient. If there is an impropriety in well-behaved men and women bathing together in the salt sea we don't want to know it. In the matter of improprieties ignorance is not only bliss, but usually it is innocence. The institution known as "mixed bathing" has been found convenient and profitable in this country, and undoubtedly it will continue to be favored and practised until geological or climatic changes make our part of the ocean too cold to swim in. The tendency of civilization, and American civilization especially, just now, is to disestablish improprieties rather than to invent new ones. We are not going to thank any one for inventing a new sin and telling us we mustn't do it.

E. S. MARTIN.

How are you to find your papyri? Mr. D. G. Hogarth says by digging for them; so, accompanied by Mr. Grenfell, the proper concession having been granted, two mounds at Fayum have been overhauled, and with excellent results, and so far there has been but a preliminary scratching. It is not so much the Egyptian papyri the gentlemen are after (all are fish for their net), but it is the Greek ones. You would not be likely to find a Sapphic ode in an old Egyptian's tomb, but it would have been the Greek girl who might wish that the verses of her dear Sappho should be buried with her. There is no reason, then, why some of the lost treasures of ancient literature should not come to light, and this may hold good particularly as to Greek, because after the Ptolemys came, Egypt was filled with well-to-do Greeks. American contributors to the Egypt Exploration Fund will be interested in the exhibition now being held in London, made up of the papyri and antiquities found during the last season. Here are banking accounts, debits and credits, and what may be visiting-cards. Then there is a fragment of a lost Greek tragedy, which is believed to have been written even before 250 B.C. As to Homer, there are many fragments; and in one of 200 B.C. there are variations from the accepted text. One fragment has 700 lines of Books XIII. and XIV. of the Iliad. Then, too, there are unknown fragments of Demosthenes. As to articles of domestic use, found in houses in Karanis and Bacchias, there are many, as locks, combs, scales, dice (one loaded), glass, and last, not least, what can be nothing else but a thimble, and made of alabaster. Besides that there are portraits on wood of the Græco-Egyptian period, some with the pigments still bright to-day; and the stock of silver in this world has been increased by several thousands of coins from the Roman mint at Alexandria.

Olive Schreiner presents what will be to many an entirely new factor in the study of South African matters, and it is the presence of the half-caste. The European when he landed in South Africa found the Bushmen, the Hottentots, physically unserviceable. The warlike Bantu he could not tame, so Dutchmen and Huguenots had negroes brought them from the East and West coasts, and these the white men bought and made slaves of. Slavery remained in legal form at the Cape up to 1834. Its legacy was a large and increasing half-caste population; and that Olive Schreiner declares to be "the most insoluble portion of the South African National Problem." She says these half-breeds fill the western towns, and are as throngs upon the western farms. The half-caste may vote in Cape Colony, but not in the Transvaal. He is described as a creature without a family, without any nationality. The pure native despises and dreads him; the Englishman does not trust him. He has no racial pride; he is "the flotsam and jetsam thrown up on the shores of life, as the result of contact between the lowest waves of conflicting races." Olive Schreiner, who is nothing if not graphic, says that the half-caste is a "Rogue Elephant," and constitutes an element of social danger. The study of this half-caste race Olive Schreiner elaborates in an anthropological and philosophical manner. She is not afraid to call a spade a spade, and urges on both whites and blacks that this should always be taught—"Keep your breeds pure"; otherwise healthy growth and development in South Africa will become wellnigh impossible. B. P.

LONDON.

In Li Hung-Chang, himself the prince of interviewers, American reporters will find a hard nut to crack. The less ingenious and persistent efforts of English journalists to extract something from him have been hopelessly baffled. Li did not come here to talk about himself and China; he came to learn something of English industries and manufactures. The reporter, yearning for information on Li's attitude towards missionaries, finds himself entangled in a discussion on the efficacy of prayer. The Chinaman is a past master in the art of quizzing. His visit here has been a far greater success than was that of the late Shah of Persia. For one thing, he has not outstaid his welcome; and for another, he has realized with a rare instinct that compliments are wasted on Englishmen, and that the best way to make himself popular is to score off them boldly. His quick, intelligent interest in the dock-yards and arsenals and his minute questions on points of detail have pleased officialdom, while his extraordinary personal remarks and comments have amazed and amused society. And he has the rare art of not asking foolish questions.

Many and touching have been the tributes in the press and elsewhere to the memory of Lady Tennyson, the loved and loving wife of the poet, the inspirer of much of his sweetest verse, the gentle companion of over forty years. They were married in 1850, the crowning year of Tennyson's life, the year of "In Memoriam," and the poet-laureateship. "Mrs. Tennyson," wrote Carlyle in their early married life, "lights up bright, glittering blue eyes when you speak to her; has wit, has sense; and were it not that she seems so delicate in health, I should augur really well of Tennyson's adventure." The "adventure" was a happy one from beginning to end. To his wife Tennyson was indebted for those long years of freedom from personal care and trouble which he devoted to the service of mankind, while her frail health only brought into greater prominence the unfailing tenderness and devotion of the husband. The Tennyson household at Aldworth has been laid bare to the public a score of times, and always with the result of still more endearing the poet to his readers. It was a simple, common picture of a happy wedded life. Lady Tennyson herself wrote occasional verse, and composed the music for some of her husband's poems. References to her are scattered up and down his work, the most touching, perhaps, being the dedication of "The Death of Oenone, and other Poems":

> "I thought to myself I would offer this book to you,
>   This and my love together;
> To you that are seventy-seven,
> With a faith as clear as the heights of the June-blue heaven,
> And a fancy as summer-new
>   As the green of the bracken and the gloom of the heather."

S. B.

PARIS.

At the last representation of *Rienzi* (Wagner) at the Royal Opera in Dresden a new instrument was used in the overture to replace the ordinary metal horn. This instrument is nearly a yard and a half long, and is made of the horn of an antelope, perforated with great skill, and with a metal mouth-piece. The sound emitted is much fuller and more penetrating than that of the metal trumpet, and a trial of its properties is to be made in the army, by order of the Emperor William, who is himself a musician, and who is much interested in this new instrument, or "war-horn," as it has been named. It is believed in Berlin that it will soon replace the regulation regimental clarion in the Prussian army. F. F.

CHICAGO.

A rather remarkable story comes from Helena, Montana, to the effect that a party of nine United States soldiers, heavily accoutred, mounted their bicycles the other day and covered 182 miles in twenty-two hours, a considerable part of the distance being over mountain roads. The average weight of wheel, pack, and rider was 240 pounds. It is stated that this is the first United States army test of the bicycle as an effective means of transport in a mountain country.

About the middle of September will witness the opening of a new technological school in Chicago. It was nearly twenty years ago that Allen C. Lewis died, leaving the bulk of his fortune for the establishment of the institution now about to begin its work. The sum available at that time was about half a million dollars, and the trustees were not to set about the work of organization until their funds should have increased to at least $800,000. It was provided that the school, when established, should provide for practical instruction in various branches of technology, that it should be so managed as to avoid any indebtedness, and that neither politics nor religion should ever exercise any controlling influence. The years passed by, and the endowment accumulated, until those who had not forgotten all about the bequest began to wonder why the school did not materialize. At last, about a year ago, the endowment had grown to twice the amount contemplated by the founder—that is, to $1,600,000—and the Lewis Institute was incorporated under the laws of Illinois. A large building has been erected, at a cost, with the site, of about $400,000, and accommodations for nearly a thousand students provided. This is the institution which is about to be thrown open to the public, with a very complete equipment of shops, libraries, and laboratories, under the direction of Mr. George N. Carman, aided by a large and carefully selected body of instructors. Although the technological feature is prominent in the courses outlined, the scope of the institute is broadly conceived, and it will provide for a liberal education, covering a period of six years. This term roughly corresponds to the four years of the high-school and the first two years of college. Instruction will not be free, but, on the other hand, the terms of tuition are moderate, and scholarships are provided for a certain number of deserving students. The scheme of management embodies a number of new ideas suggested by the development of recent educational thought, and their application will be awaited with interest. President Harper, of the university, and Superintendent Lane, of the Chicago public schools, have a share in the management, which ensures the cordial co-operation of the existing educational forces of the city. Altogether the Lewis Institute promises to be a welcome auxiliary in the great work of public education, and will doubtless have the same sort of success that has attended the work of the Armour Institute, so similar in character, established a few year ago. W. M. P.

BOSTON.

The two New England States in which the free-silver element is strongest are Maine and Massachusetts, and its strength in these States is estimated very differently by different observers. In Massachusetts the leaders of the Democratic party—always excepting Mr. George Fred Williams—are almost without exception on the side of sound money; but the contention of the free-silver Democrats that they are in the majority is probably correct. At all events, the fight is a very pretty one, and bids fair to become hotter and hotter. Two prominent Democrats, Mr. John E. Russell and Colonel T. W. Higginson, have declared that although they desire to see McKinley elected, they hope that his majority will be a small one. In Maine the promise of a vigorous free-silver campaign has not yet been fulfilled. Mr. Bryan's expected visit did not take place, and the National Democratic Committee seems to have made no particular effort to reduce the Republican majority in Maine. Nevertheless, it is probable that the Republican majority will be cut down. Only seventy delegates attended the recent Democratic sound-money convention at Portland, and in the farming districts, where times have been hard for some years past, a good many Republicans have been perverted to the cause of free silver.

The game-laws of Maine have been so effective in protecting the deer from undue destruction that these animals are now seen in many places where they were almost unknown twenty years ago. Last week twenty-six deer were counted in an hour and a half on the borders of a single lake in the Rangeley region. From the vicinity of Bangor the following story is reported on good authority: A farmer's boy was sent to the pasture after dark to drive the cows home, and finding that one animal in the herd lagged behind, he threw a stone at it. Thereupon the supposed cow turned about, revealing its true character as a bull moose, and chased the boy some distance up a tree. Another story comes from Lake Umbagog, to the effect that a party of fishermen, camping out, were so disturbed by the bellowing of a cow moose that they were forced to get up in the night and drive her away with sticks and stones. In short, Maine, from the sportsman's point of view, is fast becoming like that fabled land where the only things to complain of were the noise of the nightingales and the litter of the rose leaves.

Seven thousand spinners have been idle in Chicopee, Massachusetts, for the past three weeks, and there is no immediate prospect of their having work. All over New England—in Lawrence, in Manchester (New Hampshire), in Fall River, and in numerous other places—the mills are shut down, and there is much suffering among the operatives in consequence. But "society" does not take notice of these things. The dead body of a man who had shot himself because he was out of work and had no money was found in the woods near Fitchburg, and on the same page of the newspaper which reported this occurrence was an account of the coaching parade at Newport, and of the jewels, to the amount of $500,000, given as a wedding present to a young woman about to be married. These glaring contrasts recall certain paragraphs in Carlyle's *History of the French Revolution*. H. C. M.

PHILADELPHIA.

For many years Mrs. Gillespie, a granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin, has been active in good works in and about Philadelphia, and her invaluable services in connection with the Centennial Exhibition of 1876 will always be recalled with gratitude. Kind friends, who prefer to remain nameless, have contributed and invested a sufficient sum to give her a fair income for the rest of her life, thus making her declining years happy and comfortable. The principal, at her death, is to be divided among those charities with which she has been closely identified.

Pennsylvania politics are interesting at the present time, not because there is any doubt about how the electoral vote will go, but because of the contest to succeed the present free-coinage Republican United States Senator, J. Donald Cameron, who has been in the Senate for eighteen years, and is credited with a desire for another term, despite his letter of a year ago stating that he would not be a candidate again. As a consequence a batch of aspirants to the succession has come into the field, with ex-Postmaster-General Wanamaker in the lead. State Senator Boies Penrose and Governor Hastings are candidates, and both claim that they have the support of the State boss—Quay. The latter is much more likely, however, to be for Cameron when the time comes, as the two have thus far stood by one another on all such occasions. If the Senatorship goes to Philadelphia, which has been unrepresented in the Senate for half a century, Wanamaker will have the best chance undoubtedly, as he has a national reputation, a wide business and religious acquaintance, and is now taking a leading part in the McKinley campaign; but when it comes to the caucus, it is more likely that Boss Quay will have more influence than all of these factors combined. C. R. W.

NEW ORLEANS.

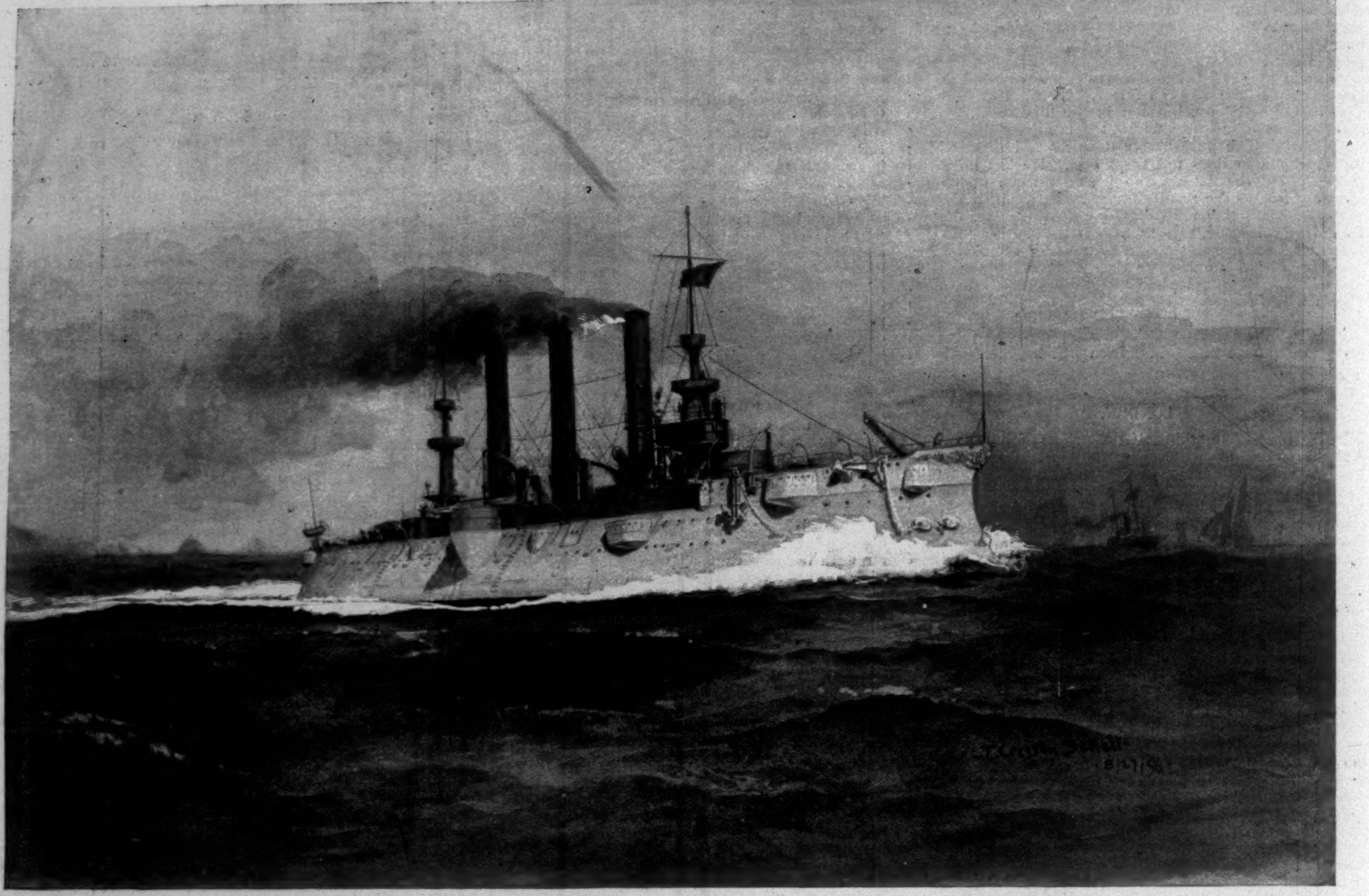
New Orleans has a new "Treasure Island." For eighty years people have been digging at Grande Terre, in Barataria Bay, looking for Lafitte's piratical treasure, and there is scarcely a foot of ground on the island which has not been turned over with a shovel or spade a dozen times. For the past few days hundreds of treasure-seekers have turned their attention in a new direction, and have been at work on an island, or, rather, sand bank, in the Mississippi, facing New Orleans, digging for a big treasure supposed to be hidden there. Some ten years ago, when the Davis crevasse occurred, a sand bank rose out of the water opposite Audubon Park. It so happened that there was drifting down the river at that time a johnnie-boat, or tramp house-boat, which stranded on this sand bank. The owner of the johnnie-boat, who thus landed perforce on the virgin soil, claimed the island by right of discovery, and there he dwelt for years, until murdered last week. He was unsociable to the last degree, a violent, even dangerous hermit, but situated as perhaps no other hermit ever was, facing a city of 300,000 people, who could watch his every action in the little island of sand, where his stranded boat became a hut, and with all the mighty commerce of the Mississippi passing a few feet from his door. But the hermit, "Sand-bank Jack," as he was known, wanted no companionship, and carried his hatred of humanity to such an extent that he stood ready with his shot-gun to greet any one who dared set foot on his island, to the great disgust of the drift-wood men; for all the logs floating down the river seemed to drift to Jack's island, and yet they dare not go there to gather them. A few days ago the temptation was too great, and a party of drift-wood men chased a log which grounded on the forbidden island. They followed in hot pursuit, to find that "Sand-bank Jack" was a man of his word. One of the drifters was "winged" by the hermit, whereupon the others opened fire, and the old man was killed there and then, in the presence of perhaps a thousand persons, who watched every detail of the murder from the New Orleans side of the river. And now "Sand-bank Jack" has turned out to be Mr. John S. Prather, of Clermont County, Ohio, a man of family and wealth, but a rover and misanthrope, who for years had lived the life of a river tramp, until stranded on the sand bank where he died. The body has been embalmed and sent home to his relatives. It is known that Prather had a large amount of money, and it is rumored that it is buried on his island; and from up and down the river have come scores of drift-men, raftsmen, river tramps, and wharf-rats, and they are digging up the island as though it were in the California gold "diggings." It has grown since "Sand-bank Jack" was stranded there, but it is nothing but sand, without a tree or shrub or blade of grass; and it will probably be dug away by the treasure-seekers in their search for the hermit's gold, and washed off by the Mississippi. N. W.

SAN FRANCISCO.

The recent series of disasters to steamships on the Pacific coast is due largely to the policy of transferring captains from the Atlantic service, without giving them the practice necessary to obtain a thorough knowledge of navigation on the Pacific. Mark Twain, in his *Life on the Mississippi*, gives a formidable list of things which the river pilot must know so thoroughly that he can use his knowledge with absolute precision on the darkest night. The master of a steamer that runs along the Pacific coast must possess the same accurate technical knowledge as the river pilot, for tides and winds and fogs are constantly changing, and it is with these treacherous elements that the mariner must cope. The fog is the most dangerous. The echo which it gives of fog-whistles is often very misleading.

Los Angeles is much wrought up over an article which appeared in one of the Eastern magazines declaring that the city was filled with discontented people who had made a failure of life. The writer is a newspaper man, who unwisely made sweeping generalizations from a few cases that came under his personal observation. Because several of his neighbors were unfortunate in their business ventures, he jumped to the conclusion that these were types of the whole city. He even went so far as to cite the case of two ladies of ample means, who were greatly worried over the loans which they made, as examples of the "discontent and unrest" that marked the whole body of the people. The truth is that Los Angeles has suffered, as every city on the Pacific coast has suffered, from the prevailing dulness in trade, but it has had a fairly prosperous year, and the tide of tourist travel has been larger than for any season for five years. What will impress any visitor to Los Angeles is the number of small homes occupied by their owners, and the entire absence of that terrible poverty which is the most painful feature of city life. As Los Angeles has 100,000 people, it may claim to be a genuine city, and it may also claim to be the only American city of its size which has streams of clear running water along the inside of the sidewalk, in the old Mexican zanjas, or irrigating ditches.

The problem of securing remunerative work for women may yet be solved in California through the fruit industry. The Woman's Exchange of Santa Cruz has started a cannery for the purpose of giving employment to women and girls, and many orchardists have furnished fruit in order that it may be a success. In fruit-picking, and especially in the packing and canning of fruit, women can do fully as good work as men. In the great raisin-packing houses in Fresno the most expert hands are women. Their fingers are more nimble, and they seem to show more skill in spreading the large raisins that form the upper layer in the boxes. Of course under the hot sun a woman cannot compete with men, but much of the pruning is done in cool weather, and is the work of women. One of the most attractive sights in southern California is to see delicately bred women and superbly healthy children engaged in work in orchard or garden, and enjoying the labor which brings them health and income. G. H. F.



TRIAL TRIP OF THE UNITED STATES ARMORED CRUISER "BROOKLYN," AUGUST 27—PASSING THE FIRST MARK-BOAT.
DRAWN BY F. CRESSON SCHELL.

THE SPEED TRIAL OF THE "BROOKLYN."

IN her trial trip, made August 27, on the measured course outside of Boston Harbor, the *Brooklyn* speeded along at an average gait of 21.92 knots, which is the fastest time ever made by a cruiser. After these figures have been corrected, to allow for tide and currents, it is even possible that the new cruiser's speed may be found to exceed the preliminary calculations. The illustration shows the *Brooklyn* just as she was passing the first mark-boat on the course. The steam pressure then under forced draught was 160 pounds, and the engines were making 135 revolutions; these conditions were maintained as an average during the entire trial over the eighty-three-mile course. The official time given for the first half of the course is 1 hour 54 minutes 42.52 seconds, or an average speed of 21.70 knots for 41.5 miles. This was attained against a young tide. The time required to cover the same distance on the return trip was 1 hour 52 minutes 26.34 seconds, showing a speed of 21.92 knots.

This performance places the cruiser far beyond her contract requirements, which were that on a displacement of 8250 tons she should make an average speed of 20 knots. As a result of the excess shown she will win for her builders a bonus of at least $350,000 over her contract price, and if the tidal corrections bring her speed up to 22 knots, the speed premium will be $400,000. When put into commission, however, the *Brooklyn* will probably have a slightly greater displacement than on her speed trial, for then she carried but one rapid-fire gun. Her full armament, with the necessary ammunition and stores, as she will be loaded when ready to put to sea, will bring her displacement up to about 9000 tons. But even with this additional displacement she will surely be able to outspeed any war-ship of her class afloat; and besides this, she will be so armored and possessed of such a battery power as to enable her to hold her own against anything except a first-class battle-ship. One of the features which particularly appealed to the experts in charge of the *Brooklyn* on this trial was the complete reciprocity of action between the engines, the boilers, and the screws. The engines took all the steam the boilers could generate without running down the pressure, and the safety-valves did not lift once during the entire trial.

RIVER POLLUTION IN ENGLAND.

ONLY within the last five years have any effective steps been taken to protect English rivers from the misuse to which they have been subjected since the era of manufacturing began. In the early years of this century all the English rivers were as pure and as wholesome as the Dee at Chester is to-day. The Dee is now England's greatest salmon river; but two or three generations ago streams which for years past have been in a putrid condition ranked as high as the Dee as salmon rivers, and were as free from pollution. The pollution began with manufacturing, and in every manufacturing district the story of the misuse of the rivers is the same. As regards the streams of the North of England—those in the populous regions of Lancashire and Yorkshire—the chemical manufacturers, the dyers, and the calico-printers were the original and the worst offenders. These industries were usually first established along the rivers, and one reason for their being so placed was that the rivers afforded a cheap and ready method of getting rid of the refuse.

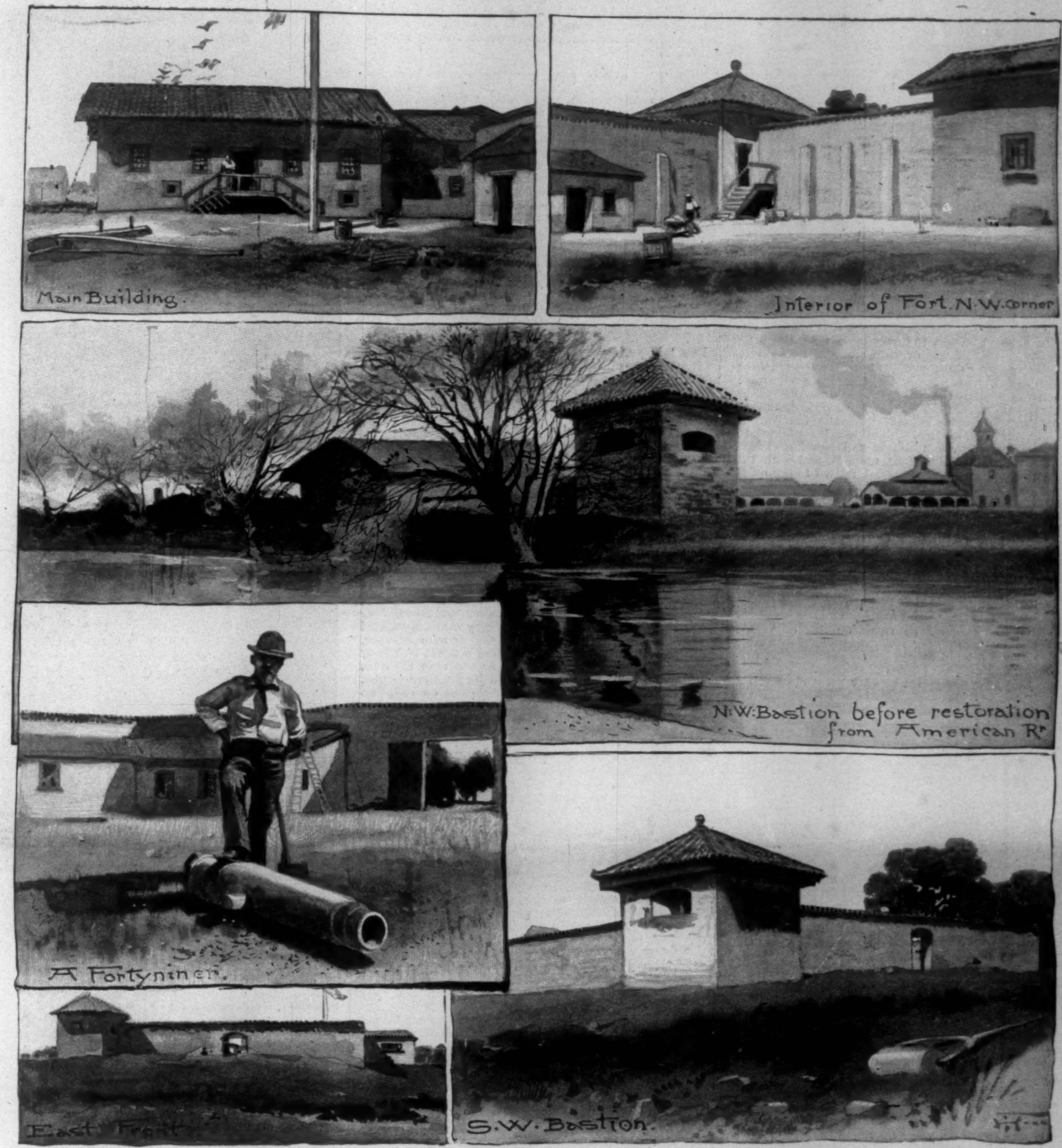
After the manufacturers had thus misused the streams for half a century, the municipalities began to turn their sewage into them. This second misuse dates from the forties, when the municipalities, first established under the great reform measure of 1835, were given additional powers for dealing with town sewage. Most of the English towns are on some river, great or small; and in almost every instance, when the municipalities began to deal with the sewage, they simply piped it in a crude state to the rivers, and trusted to floods or tides to carry it away. The tides and floods have always carried away some portion of the filth; the rest has remained in suspension or sunk to the bed of the stream. The rivers so misused are all as black as ink. When the water is low it is of the consistency of a cesspool, and the exposed banks and shores are deep in black and pestilential mud. Nor does the nuisance end with the rivers so misused. Nearly all these rivers are feeders for the numerous canals which intersect the country, and by means of these canals the polluted water is carried into districts remote from the scene of the pollution, and into beautiful country places where no other sign of manufacturing is apparent. One of the worst examples of this kind of pollution is afforded by the Manchester Ship Canal. The canal draws its water from the Irwell at Manchester. For months before the canal was opened to the sea the water from the Irwell had been allowed to run into the docks at Manchester, with the result that until a year after the canal was opened the docks were a danger to health, and it was feared that the smells from them would give rise to a pestilence.

While it is only within the last five years that any effective measures have been taken to stop the pollution, it must not be supposed that it had hitherto gone unheeded. The subject of river pollution has been frequently before Parliament since the sixties. A commission of inquiry was appointed in 1861, and it then reported that more than one hundred of the English rivers were in a poisonous condition. In 1865 an effort was made to carry through Parliament a bill for establishing publicly elected bodies to exercise control in each large water-shed, and intrusted with powers to prevent the continued pollution of the rivers. No one then disputed the facts brought forward by the Rivers Pollution Commission; but the representatives of the manufacturers advanced the plea that the manufacturers had a vested right in the rivers, and a right to do as they pleased with them. The late John Bright seconded the motion for the rejection of the bill; and the late W. E. Forster, another representative of the Manchester school of Radicalism, in supporting Bright, boldly insisted that, while it was undesirable that the rivers should be polluted, manufacturers must not be put to any great expense in disposing of their waste, because if they were they would be hampered in meeting foreign competition. It was also urged that the cry of river pollution was raised only by country-gentlemen and amateur fishermen, and that the interests of the country land-owners and the anglers were as nothing compared with the interests of the manufacturers.

The manufacturers had their way, and for ten years longer nothing was done. In 1876 Parliament at last made a show of dealing with what had now become a national scandal. An act was passed empowering the municipal authorities to stop the pollution of the streams. But these authorities, as has been shown, were themselves offenders, and the men who composed them were in many cases manufacturers who also turned refuse into the streams. For any good it did beyond giving warning that reform was inevitable, the act of 1876 might as well never have been passed. It was a dead letter. In the mean time the agitation against river pollution was never allowed to drop. It was kept going with much vigor in the eighties. In 1888, when the county councils were established, the councils were given powers for dealing with the evil, and about 1890, when the councils had got into good working order, both the manufacturers and the municipal corporations were quickly made to realize that the powers conferred on the councils were to be used unsparingly, and that at last an end was to be made to a misuse of the rivers, which had gone on without any check for nearly a hundred years.

It would take pages to tell of the worry and litigation which have resulted from the new departure. Towns have been put to enormous expense to set up new methods of dealing with their sewage. On the Mersey and its tributaries alone more than a million sterling has been expended by municipalities in meeting the requirements of the Rivers Pollution Board. Manchester has spent £600,000 in these new works, and proportionately large sums have been expended by Salford and the other Lancashire and Cheshire towns which, prior to 1888, poured their sewage into the streams flowing into the Mersey. Twenty-five towns have been affected by the vigorous administration of the Rivers Pollution Act in the Mersey water-shed, while hundreds of manufacturers in the same area have been compelled, at great expense, to revolutionize the old methods of disposing of their waste. Some hardship has undoubtedly resulted from the way in which the act has been administered in the last five years. Nearly all the Radicals of the Manchester school are now gone, otherwise there might be a renewal of the cry of 1865, that to prevent manufacturers from doing as they liked with the streams would ruin British industry. Nowadays when the manufacturers and the municipalities plead for delay, they are told that they have had thirty years learning that a change would have to be made. The rivers boards take no excuses. If a town or a manufacturer does not comply with their requirements, the case goes into the law courts, where heavy penalties are imposed for every day the pollution is continued.

Notwithstanding these five years of work on the part of the rivers boards, there is as yet but small improvement in the condition of most of the rivers in the manufacturing districts. The pollution has been too wholesale and of too long standing to be got rid of in four or five years. It will take twenty years to make any appreciable change in most of the streams. So far the greatest success has been achieved with the Thames, which is now fresher and purer in its tidal reaches between London Bridge and Richmond than it has been for seventy years. This is due to the energy with which the London County Council took up the work, and the success it has achieved with a new method of treating sewage prior to turning the liquid portion of it into the Thames at Barking.


Main Building.
Interior of Fort. N.W. corner
N.W. Bastion before restoration from American Rr
A Fortyniner.
East Front.
S.W. Bastion.

SUTTER'S FORT RECONSTRUCTED.—Drawn by Harry Fenn.

SUTTER'S FORT RECONSTRUCTED.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

By their patriotic energy and perseverance in relocating, acquiring the site of, and reconstructing Sutter's Fort, the Society of Native Sons of California are not only entitled to the profound gratitude of their State and of the citizens of Sacramento, but of every American who is interested in the history of his country. Although the original fort was built of adobe and its roofs were covered with shingles, while the present structure is of brick coated with cement and its buildings are roofed with tiles, in every other feature the illusion that the old fort stands now as it did fifty years ago is perfect. In view of the vast changes that have taken place on the Pacific coast and its marvellous development within the past half-century, it is very hard to realize that Sutter's fort, the first American foothold in California, should have been founded as recently as 1839.

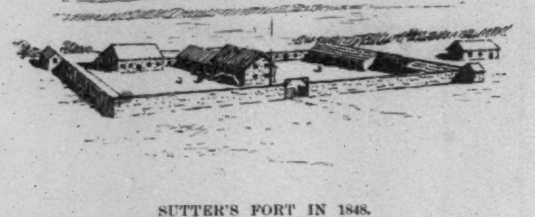
But so it was, for in that year Captain John Sutter, Swiss by birth, French soldier by profession, and American citizen by adoption, emigrated from Missouri to Alta, California, and obtained a large grant of land from the Mexican government at the confluence of the Sacramento and American rivers. Here, for ten years, he dwelt in feudal state, winning the surrounding Indians to his employ by a display of inflexible firmness, justice, and honesty in all his dealings with them. With their aid he built his fort, cultivated large areas of wheat, set out vineyards, and raised herds of cattle and horses. The fort, which he named "New Helvetia," was 320 feet long by 150 in width. Its outer wall, 18 feet high by 2½ thick, was separated by a space of 25 feet from an inner wall five feet lower. This space, roofed and partitioned, provided offices, quarters, a distillery for the making of wine, a grist-mill driven by ten mule-power, a smithy, bakery, repair shops, storehouses, and magazines. At the northwest and southeast corners stood stout bastions, with walls five feet thick, on which were mounted twelve small pieces of artillery, two of which were brass, that Captain Sutter obtained from the Russians when, in 1841, they abandoned their trading-post on the Sacramento River. The main gateway was in the centre of the southern wall; and another, much smaller, gave access to the fort on the east. In the middle of the enclosed space stood a large two-and-a-half-story building known as "Headquarters," in which were entertained Mexican officials and other distinguished guests, most noted of whom was John C. Fremont.

In the spring of 1844, when General, then Captain, Fremont, with his plucky little band of half-starved followers, after a ten months' journey from the Missouri River, descended from the snow-clad Sierras, this fort was to them a veritable haven of rest and safety. From the whole-souled proprietor they received the warmest possible welcome, and everything that he owned was instantly placed at their disposal. Captain Fremont, with half a dozen of his strongest men, had hastened ahead to obtain provisions with which to save the lives of their comrades. They reached the fort, spent one night there, and then, retracing their weary way, met the others at the end of two days. Of them the "Pathfinder" says, in his report:

"A more forlorn and pitiable sight than they presented cannot well be imagined. They were all on foot, each man, weak and emaciated, leading a horse or mule as feeble as himself. They had experienced great difficulty in descending the mountains, made so slippery by rains and melting snows that many of the animals fell over precipices and were killed. Of the sixty-seven horses and mules with which we commenced crossing the Sierra only thirty-three reached the valley of the Sacramento, while most of the men had been made ill by the strange and unwholesome food that the preservation of life compelled them to use. We stopped and encamped as soon as we met, and a repast of good beef, excellent bread, and delicious salmon, all of which I had brought from Sutter's Fort, was their first relief from the sufferings of the Sierra and their introduction to the luxuries of the Sacramento."

At the fort this forlorn band was fed, clothed, provided with horses, cattle, provisions, and ammunition, and sent on their way rejoicing. So it happened with every other party from the States who struggled across the Sierras during the ten years preceding the discovery of gold. Sutter's Fort, with its boundless hospitality, was always the goal of their hopes. Nor was any one ever disappointed by his welcome within its friendly walls. On the entire Pacific coast there was no more useful, prosperous, or happy settlement than this one maintained by John Sutter, aided by some thirty white men and forty mission Indians, uniformed, armed, and drilled as soldiers during that peaceful decade.

Then came the deluge! Gold was discovered at Sutter's



SUTTER'S FORT IN 1848.

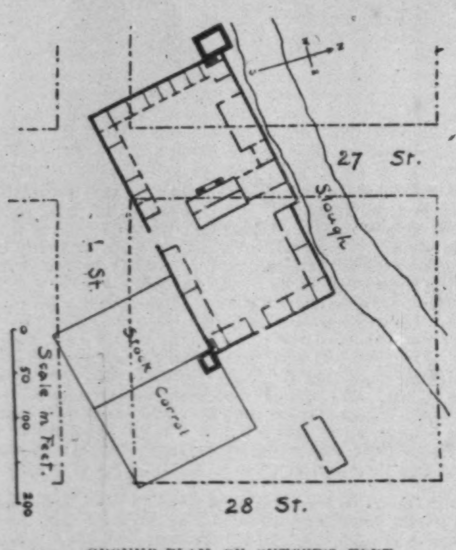
saw-mill, on the south fork of the American, in January, 1848, and with the rush of adventurers that followed, the peace and prosperity of Sutter's Fort departed. Its owner, now well along in years, stood aghast at the overwhelming irruption of lawless strangers that his own unconscious act had caused to break loose upon the little community. His fort was overrun and appropriated by them, his crops were destroyed, his horses and cattle were stolen, and his Indians were either killed or driven away. Possessing none of a gold-digger's instincts, the sturdy pioneer was forced, ere the year was ended, to beat a retreat before the roaring tide of humanity that surged about him. He sold his fort, with all that it contained, to the traders, gamblers, rum-sellers, and boarding-house keepers who had already seized upon it, and with the dreams of a lifetime rudely dispelled, retired to the quiet of a little farm on the Feather River.

When Bayard Taylor visited the place, in 1849, every building in the once well-regulated fort was occupied as a hotel, a rum-shop, a gambling-saloon, or a store. Great holes had been broken through the outer walls to serve as doors and windows, the massive gates had been wrenched from their hinges and cut up for firewood, while the broad wheat-fields and vineyards of a year before were covered with a rank growth of weeds. The enclosure was filled with a mob of miners just in from the diggings, and adventurers on their way to them. Outside, scores of tents were pitched beside an equal number of loaded wagons, and in the evening many camp fires cast their ruddy glow over piles of miscellaneous merchandise, personal effects, and groups of tethered animals.

Before that year was ended another great change had come over the doomed fort. Trade had left it for the more convenient locality of the river landing, and was already building the city of Sacramento. The entire structure was being rapidly demolished for the sake of its building material, which was wanted elsewhere. Its principal building, or "Headquarters," was converted into a hospital, where, upon the payment of $100 per week, fever-stricken wrecks from the diggings could receive nursing and medical attendance.

By the aid of many repairs and patches this building has managed to survive, and stands to-day the sole relic of the original fort, though for years it has been a tenantless ruin. The remainder of the structure disappeared so absolutely that by 1853 only a small hillock, marking the site of the northwest bastion, served to show that its stout walls ever existed. The city of Sacramento spread to and beyond it, and streets were laid out across its site. Not until 1889 was the project for the restoration of this most valuable of California's historic monuments suggested and agitated. Even then it languished, and not until the "Native Sons" made the task their own was its success assured.

Now the work is completed, and Sutter's Fort, reconstructed to minutest detail in everything except material, again stands where Fremont found it fifty years ago. Some, even, of the old Russian cannon, that, mounted on its bastions, so overawed the surrounding tribes, have been recovered and restored to their original positions. The Headquarter's building is a museum filled with the relics of the days of '49, and in charge of all is Ephraim Fairchild, a pioneer to California before the discovery of gold, and a friend of Captain Sutter. He is as proud of his present position as though his fortress were the Rock of Gibraltar, and is full of anecdote and reminiscence, which he freely imparts to visitors.



GROUND-PLAN OF SUTTER'S FORT.

Formerly the fort could only be reached by a hot, dusty drive or a tiresome tramp over the sun-baked prairie lying between it and the river. Now the tourist pilgrim is comfortably whisked out to it in an electric car from his hotel or the railway station, and in all California he will find no historic monument better worth visiting than is Sutter's Fort.

THE CONQUEROR.

I saw an Angel with majestic mien
And radiant brow, and smile divinely sweet;
Strong human passions writhed beneath his feet.
There too expired those coward faults which screen
Themselves behind Inheritance, and lean
On dead men for their strength, and think it meet.
All, all lay prostrate, owning their defeat.
Then to the spirit with the eyes serene
I cried aloud, in wonder and in awe:
"Oh, mighty One, who art thou, that thy glance
Can circumvent heredity, cheat chance,
And conquer nature? What thine occult law?
Art thou incarnate Force—the Over-Soul?"
The Angel answered, "*I am Self-Control.*"

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

PREACHIN' ON KINGDOM-COME.

BY JOHN FOX, JUN.

I've told ye, stranger, that Hell-Fer-Sartain empties, as it oughter, of co'se, into Kingdom-Come. You can ketch the devil 'most any day in the week on Hell-Fer-Sartain, an' sometimes you can git Glory everlastin' on Kingdom-Come. Hit's the only meetin'-house thar in twenty miles aroun'.

Well, the reg'lar rider, ole Jim Skaggs, was dead, an' the bretherin was a-lookin' aroun' fer somebody to step into ole Jim's shoes. Thar'd been one young feller up thar from the settlemints, a-cavortin' aroun', an' they was studyin' 'bout gittin' him.

"Bretherin an' sisteren," I says, atter the leetle chap was gone, "he's got the fortitood to speak an' he shorely is well favored. He's got a mighty good hawk-eye fer spyin' out evil—an' the gals; he can outholler ole Jim; an' *if*," I says, "any *idees* ever comes to him, he'll be a hell-rouser shore—but they ain't comin!" An' so sayin', I takes my foot in my hand an' steps fer home.

Stranger, them fellers over thar hain't seed much o' this world. Lots of 'em nuver seed the cyars; some of 'em nuver seed a wagon. An' atter jowerin' an' noratin' fer 'bout two hours, what you reckon they said they aimed to do? They believed they'd take that ar man Beecher, ef they could git him to come. They'd heerd o' Henry endurin' the war, an' they knowed he was agin the rebs, an' they wanted Henry if they could jes git him to come.

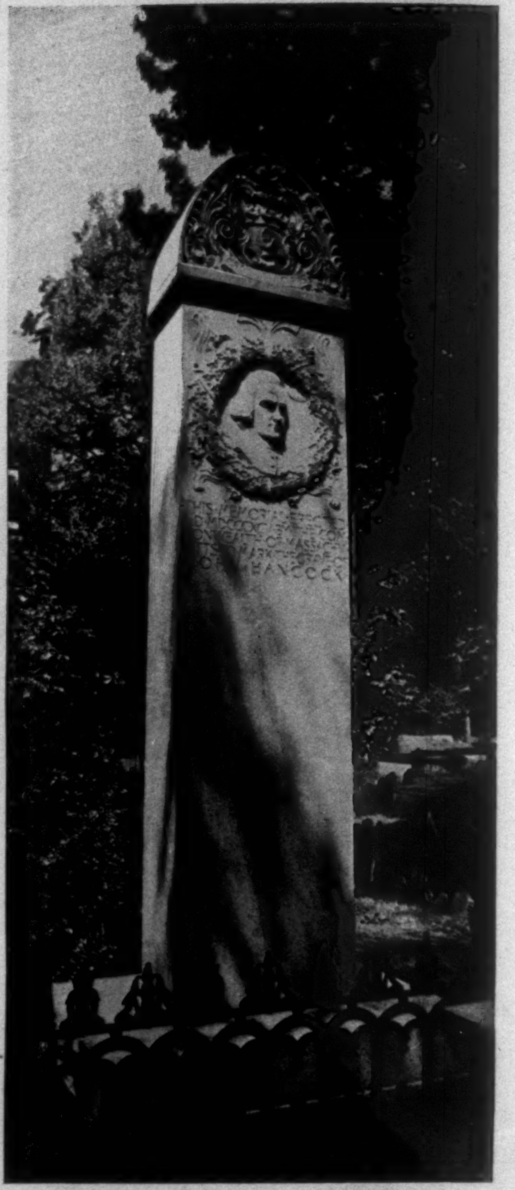
Well, I snorted, an' the feud broke out on Hell-Fer-Sartain betwixt the Days an' the Dillons. Mace Day shot Daws Dillon's brother, as I rickollect—somep'n's al'ays a-startin' up that plaguey war an' a-makin' things frolicsome over thar—an' ef it hadn't a-been fer a tall young feller with black hair an' a scar across his forehead, who was a-goin' through the mountains a-settlin' these wars, blame me ef I believe thar ever would 'a' been any mo' preachin' on Kingdom-Come. This feller comes over from Hazlan an' says he aims to hold a meetin' on Kingdom-Come. "Brother," I says, "that's what no preacher have ever did whilst this war is a-goin' on." An' he says, sort o' quiet, "Well, then, I reckon I'll have to do what no preacher have ever did." An' I ups an' says: "Brother, an' ole jedge come up here once from the settlemints to hold couht. 'Jedge,' I says, 'that's what no jedge have ever did without soldiers since this war's been a-goin' on.' An', brother, the jedge's words was yours, p'int-blank. 'All right,' he says, 'then I'll have to do what no other jedge have ever did.' An', brother," says I to the preacher, "he done it shore. He jes laid under the couht-house fer two days whilst the boys fit over him. An' when I sees the jedge a-makin' tracks fer the settlemints, I says, 'Jedge,' I says, 'you spoke a parable shore.'"

Well, sir, the long feller looked jes as though he was a-sayin' to hisself, "Yes, I hear ye, but I don't heed ye," an' when he says, "Jes the same, I'm a-goin' to hold a meetin' on Kingdom-Come," why, I jes takes my foot in my hand an' agin I steps fer home.

That night, stranger, I seed another feller from Hazlan, who was a-tellin' how this here preacher had stopped the war over thar, an' had got the Marcums an' Braytons to shakin' hands; an' next day ole Tom Perkins stops in an' says that *wharas* there mought 'a' been preachin' somewhar an' sometime, thar nuver had been *preachin'* afore on Kingdom-Come. So I goes over to the meetin'-house, an' they was all thar—Daws Dillon an' Mace Day, the leaders in the war, an' Abe Shivers (you've heerd tell o' Abe) who was a-carryin' tales from one side to t'other an' a-stirrin' up hell ginerally, as Abe most al'ays is; an' thar was Daws on one side o' the meetin'-house an' Mace on t'other, an' both jes a-watchin' fer t'other to make a move, an' thar'd 'a' been billy-hell to pay right thar! Stranger, that long preacher talked jes as easy as I'm a-talkin' now, an' hit was p'int-blank as the feller from Hazlan said. You jes ought 'a' heerd him tellin' about the Lawd a-bein' as pore as any feller thar, an' a-makin' barns an' fences an' ox-yokes an' sech like; an' not a-bein' able to write his own name—havin' to make his mark mebbe—when he started out to save the world. An' how they tuk him an' nailed him onto a cross when he'd come down fer nothin' but to save 'em; an' stuck a spear big as a corn-knife into his side, an' give him vinegar; an' his own mammy a-standin' down thar on the ground a-cryin' an' a-watchin' him; an' he a-fergivin' all of 'em then an' thar!

Thar nuver had been nothin' like that afore on Kingdom-Come, an' all along I heerd fellers a-layin' thar guns down; an' when the preacher called out fer sinners, blame me ef the fust feller that riz wasn't Mace Day. An' Mace says, "Stranger, 'f what you say is true, I reckon the Lawd 'll fergive me too, but I don't believe Daws Dillon ever will," an' Mace stood thar lookin' around fer Daws. An' all of a sudden the preacher stood up straight an' called out, "Is thar a human in this house mean an' sorry enough to stand betwixt a man an' his Maker?" An' right thar, stranger, Daws riz. "Naw, by God, thar hain't!" Daws says, an' he walks up to Mace a-holdin' out his hand, an' they all busts out cryin' an' shakin' hands—Days an' Dillons—jes as the preacher had made 'em do over in Hazlan. An' atter the thing was over, I steps up to the preacher an' I says,

"Brother," I says, "*you* spoke a parable shore."



THE HANCOCK MEMORIAL.

By an act of the Legislature of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, approved February 3, 1894, the sum of three thousand dollars was appropriated "for the purpose of erecting a suitable memorial over the grave of Governor John Hancock, in the Granary burying-ground in Boston."

The accompanying picture shows this memorial, which will be unveiled, with suitable ceremony, September 10, 1896. Its design, by J. A. Schweinfurth, architect, of Boston, is based on the early Greek stele, and is eminently simple, dignified, and graceful, and well adapted for its purpose, namely, an official gravestone, not an elaborate monument overcrowded with sculptural details. It is an architect's solution of a monumental problem. It is about eighteen feet high, executed in light Tennessee marble with light granite base; and although it sets some hundreds of feet back from Tremont Street, over the grave, it can be readily seen by the hurrying passer-by. The bass-relief portrait of Governor Hancock is taken from a portrait by Copley, now in the possession of one of the Hancock descendants. The terminal of the stele bears the whimsical coat of arms of Governor Hancock—a hand below three cocks.

SUNDAY MORNING ON THE FLAG-SHIP.

In the navy Saturday is general "house-cleaning" day on board ship; decks are scrubbed, "bright work" and ordnance polished till they shine again, and every nook and corner, from fo'c's'le to cabin, from main-truck to the double bottom, explored and overhauled, and made "ship-shape and Bristol fashion," as the old saying goes, so that when Sunday comes the picture of spotless cleanliness and absolute order presented by a well-kept war-ship is a sight to bring joy to the heart of even the most fastidious of housewives.

Under ordinary circumstances Sunday is generally the day of rest for the sailor-man as well as for all good folk ashore, and at morning quarters the day is ushered in with all due pomp and ceremony by the regularly recurring functions of muster or inspection of crew or ship, followed immediately by the solemn toll of the bell and the sweet bugle notes of church call on the flag-ship, as the long white church pennant with the blue cross floats from the top of the flag-staff above "Old Glory," emblematic of the one and Supreme Monarch to whom the nation bends her knee in humble homage. On the flag-ship divine service is conducted by the chaplain of the fleet, with the simple forms or ceremonies of whatever faith or denomination he may be a follower, and generally the crew is well represented in the attendance, while over the ship respectful quiet and almost absolute silence prevail, broken only by the murmur of prayer, or the measured tones of a hymn, as, blending with the music of the band, rough but manly voices chant in solemn chorus.

R. F. Z.

POPULISM IN 1783—1787.

BY WORTHINGTON CHAUNCEY FORD.

THERE is little novelty in the principles underlying the Populist platform adopted at Chicago. Wherever a large number of persons have been unwise in their business ventures, unfortunate in their undertakings, or bitten by the gambling or speculative fever, and have carried their operations so far as to exhaust their credit and incur debt, there Populism will be rampant. A century ago such a faction had acquired sufficient strength to bring the wheels of government to a stand, to defy authority in open rebellion, and to threaten the very existence of the American people as a potential power among nations. The story may be briefly told, for it has many features in common with current events.

The Revolution had just ended in a peace recognizing the independency and sovereignty of the United States of America. To carry on that war great sacrifices had been made, great waste incurred, and these burdens had been made greater than necessary by the unwise resort of the Continental Congress and State Legislatures to paper money and tender laws, compelling the creditor to receive the paper in full settlement of any obligations, private as well as public. So large had been the issues of the bills of credit that the notes depreciated, and the Continental currency had literally disappeared from circulation, dishonored and of no value. The continent was bankrupt. The States had succeeded in keeping their issues afloat, but at rates far below the face value of the notes. Debtors had used them to pay their debts; and the creditor found himself beggared by being obliged to accept the wellnigh worthless paper. Public and private morality was sapped, and speculation became rampant. Fortunes were made in gambling on the variations of a fluctuating medium of exchange, credit was stretched to the utmost in the hope of a favoring turn in the transaction, and debts were freely incurred in the expectation that at the time of settlement a fund for payment would have been obtained. Peace came, and pricking the bubbles of hope, left a great mass of debt, while destroying the basis for gambling operations. States and individuals viewed with apprehension the results of their imprudence, and were almost convinced that the enormous indebtedness represented by paper was beyond their control.

Influence was brought to bear upon the State Legislatures for some relief. Instead of turning to industry and commerce, and by diligence and thrift meeting at least the interest on their debts, they looked to the force of law to shield them from the results of their misadventure. Stay and relief laws, intended to delay or prevent the collection of just debts, were passed in the different States. A stay law in Maryland postponed the collection of debts for two years, and a similar act was passed in Georgia. In North Carolina suits were suspended for twelve months, leading a prominent lawyer to assert that the laws of the State "seemed to be very favorable to knavish debtors." In South Carolina debts were made payable in instalments; and a like measure was proposed in Virginia, but defeated. The courts of justice were obliged to exert themselves in shielding the shirking and dishonest debtor from the just and unquestioned claims of his creditor. In all these measures the central idea was to postpone the collection of debts without actually reducing their amount; but their injustice lay in meeting the demands of only one party to the contract, the debtor, leaving the creditor without recourse. Encouraged by obtaining their first demands, debtors called for more drastic measures, involving the scaling of debts, or a partial repudiation. The concessions made to popular clamor only fed its desire to secure more distinct, even though more dishonest, assistance. To offer the creditor half or three-quarters of his debts in settlement of the whole was more base than open repudiation, for it had the appearance of satisfying the debt without giving actual value.

The belief was urged that the Legislature could create wealth by calling slips of paper money. The experiences that the States had just passed through in the Revolution should have warned them against embarking on so dangerous a course. Yet a fever for paper money was engendered in every State, and in all but a few New England States did it rage so powerfully as to carry all before it, and again involve the credit of the States in the distrust from which it was just emerging. The scarcity of specie, the pressure of debt, and the burden of taxation offered ready excuses for resorting to bills of credit.

Rhode Island was easily led to increase its already excessive issues. In New Hampshire a popular tumult in favor of paper money had to be suppressed. In New Jersey, when the Governor refused to sign a bill authorizing issues, he was dragged about the streets in effigy, and the outcry against his action could only be calmed by an extra session of the Legislature and the passage of a new bill similar to that rejected. Pennsylvania made issues which at once depreciated, and caused more complaints and more just outcry than were due to the scarcity of money before the experiment of paper was tried. In some States the struggle between paper and non-paper parties was long and bitter. In others, as Rhode Island, the issue was carried beyond all limit of safety, involving public and private credit in common ruin, and putting a stop even to the petty transactions of every-day life. In New York the Council of Revision, which examined every public measure, severely criticised the money bill, and the Chief Justice rightly denounced it as working iniquities by the aid of law. Georgia, in 1785, based an issue on the "guaranteed honor and faith" of the State; and as if to show the rottenness, or at least the unreliability, of that faith, added a mortgage on a vast and fertile piece of public land. When paper was not issued, land or commodities were made a legal tender. Such a law in South Carolina became known as the "barren law," because debtors would tender to their creditors the poorest and most worthless lands of their holdings.

In Virginia the usual complaint of a scarcity of specie was aggravated by a marked fall in the price of tobacco in Europe and by the pressure of mercantile debts. The collection of taxes due in 1785 and 1786 was postponed, and indents, paper representatives of debt, were made receivable in payment—a compromise that staved off actual repudiation. The wisdom of seven sessions, exclaimed Madison, would be unable to repair the mischiefs of that single act. A paper-money party came into existence, Carter Braxton leading the repudiationists. The Legislature did not at once respond to this clamor, and in November, 1786, by an overwhelming majority, voted paper money to be "unjust, impolitic, destructive of public and private confidence, and of that virtue which is the basis of republican government." Tobacco was made receivable for the specie part of the taxes, a sop to the debt-scalers, intended to ward off worse schemes. In grief and indignation Washington wrote to Madison: "These and such like things are extremely hurtful, and may be reckoned among the principal sources of the evil and the corruption of the present day; and this, too, without accomplishing the object in view; for, if we mean to be honest, debts and taxes must be paid with the substance and not the shadow." A proposition to scale the debt by paying off the public securities according to their current value was unanimously rejected. The gradation of dishonesty was summed up by Madison: "The original object was paper money; petitions for graduated certificates succeeded; next came instalments, and, lastly, a project for making property a tender for debt at four-fifths of its value." Fortunately for the State, these wild projects were defeated by large majorities.

These issues were accompanied with a confession that they were not good money, for their circulation was enjoined by law. A creditor had no alternative; he must take the paper, no matter what its value might be, or forfeit his claim. Severe penalties were levelled against such persons as should not receive them at their face value, or should express their preference for specie. Business transactions were at a standstill, for the confidence of man in man was destroyed. Prices of all articles rose rapidly to meet the increasing depreciation of the bills. Creditors did not press their suits, for there was no telling in what medium the debts would be satisfied; no foresight could tell what might be a tender to-day or to-morrow; what might be the value of paper one hour and what the next. When money fell in value, debtors sought to clear their debts, or they held back in offering payment, if there was offered a hope of securing from the Legislature a worse medium of exchange than existed. It was the dishonest pitted against the honest, the unscrupulous debtor against his creditor, idleness against thrift, and the State was on the side of idleness and dishonesty. As the rage for repudiation proceeded, no real relief was experienced by the debtors; and the more paper was turned out from the presses, the scarcer did money become. If ever the country was within "twenty-four hours of a state of barter," it was at this time, for all confidence was destroyed.

While the States by legislative enactment were thus openly preaching dishonesty, it was not surprising that the people should be instructed by the lesson of the time. By degrees a party composed of the wealth and intelligence of the land came forward in opposition to paper money. Tender laws were time and again denounced. The Legislature, wrote "Tom Thoughtful," which says my debtor can pay me with one-third of the value he received permits an act of villany—an act for which an individual in any government would be honored with a whipping-post, and in most governments with a gallows. All the States had severe laws against the debasement of the currency, but the State itself did not hesitate to debase it to a degree that private venture had never attempted, and compelled the creditor to accept the nearly worthless rag, which was quoted in the markets at a great discount, and varied in exchange value from day to day. *Tender* laws were described as *tough* laws, and it was predicted that it would go hard with the States enforcing them when the time for settlement was at hand.

Grayson wrote to Madison denouncing the tender laws as a menace to property, and thought that "Congress should have the power of preventing States from cheating one another, as well as their own citizens, by means of paper money." The issue and enforced circulation of paper were violations of good faith, and involved a breach of contract. The influence of such measures in keeping the States apart and at difference with one another, in discouraging the formation of a strong Federal government, was obvious. Debtors sought and obtained from the State Legislatures relief from the consequences of their own imprudence or extravagance; and they were naturally unwilling to have the State yield any of its powers to a central authority, which might not be so amenable to their wishes. In this school of dishonesty the morality of the people was undermined. Men, tempted by the fluctuations in trade, deserted the fields, and flocked to the towns to swell the number of those seeking to obtain sudden wealth through speculation, or through the use and abuse of credit. Speculators, brokers, and those who lived by preying on society were multiplied; and gambling, dissipation, and rioting were not uncommon features of the day. Governor Livingston, of New Jersey, a wit of his day, who was old-fashioned enough to believe that human legislators could not alter the immutable duties of morality, ridiculed the tender policy in verse:

> "For useless a house door, e'en if we should lock it,
>   When any insolvent legislative brother
> Can legally enter into a man's pocket
>   And preamble all his cash into another."

There could be but one termination of such folly. If the fiat of Legislature can create wealth, the States at that period should have been among the wealthiest powers on earth. If prosperity can be secured by the partial or total repudiation of debt, the States at that time should have enjoyed a prosperity beyond all precedent. If industry and commerce can be encouraged and supported by measures relieving the debtor at the expense of his creditor, then the period under review should have been the golden age for America. But none of these things can be accomplished by such means. The formation of a Federal government was held in abeyance by the efforts of those who had not sufficient courage to meet their honest debts, and finally the end came when the debtor class arrayed itself in open rebellion against the authority of the State, and Shay's outbreak compelled the State to resort to force of arms to maintain its very existence. There might have been some excuse for all this agitation if the depression through which the States were passing had been extraordinary in its origin or remarkable in its degree. It was, however, due to perfectly natural causes. Seven years of war, trade reduced to a minimum, industry in its infancy, and foreign markets closed to agricultural products—these were sufficient to account for stress and suffering. In truth, the country was rich in possibilities, and only required time and patience for the realization. Franklin, one of the wisest and shrewdest observers of events, wrote: "And I do not remember ever to have seen, during my long life, more signs of public felicity than appear at present throughout these States; the cultivators of the earth, who make the bulk of our nation, have made good crops, which are paid for at high prices, with ready money; the artisans, too, receive high wages, and the value of all real estates is augmented greatly. Merchants and shopkeepers, indeed, complain that there is not business enough, but this is evidently not owing to the fewness of buyers, but to the too great number of sellers; for the consumption of goods was never greater, as appears by the dress, furniture, and manner of living of all ranks of people." Had the currency of the times been honest, this picture of conditions would have meant prosperity. As it was, there was abundance of commodities, but no one could sell without fear of receiving what would be of less value in the near future.

There was only one remedy for such a condition—the complete abandonment of all paper issues and a return to specie as the medium of exchange. There was only one mode of realizing this remedy—the formation of a strong Federal government, clothed with powers adequate to its functions. The sound-money men of the day began a campaign of education, preaching the necessity of a full Union and the strict maintenance of public credit. Naturally such views could not meet with the approbation of the repudiationists and paper-money faction. They contested every measure which could directly or indirectly limit or diminish the benefits supposed to follow from relief and tender laws. Having brought the States to the brink of bankruptcy, they were in search of further measures which might enable them to continue their career of speculation and scaling of debt. When the Federal Constitution had been framed and was submitted to the people for their approbation, the paper-money party of the day recognized in it the one instrument which could put an end to all their dreams of power and wealth, and so large a party did they comprise that they would have rejected the Constitution had it been submitted to popular vote. The long contests carried on in the State conventions were indications of the bitter opposition made by the populists of the day against the proposed Constitution, and it was by a very narrow majority that they were defeated and a national government became a fact. In reviewing the history of those few years, it is clear that the very essence of the interests at stake lay in this question of repudiation. The populism of to-day seeks to undo all that was accomplished in 1787, and they borrow the weapons of the anti-Federal party of that time.

Politicians may learn one useful lesson from that contest. No man who framed a stay or relief law, a law for issuing paper currency, a measure for postponing the payment of debt, or a bill for repudiation, has lived in history. The closest study of the times will not reveal one, and they have sunk into oblivion. The men who have come down in history, and who are held up to the rising generation as examples of patriotic statesmen, are the men who upheld public credit and national honor.

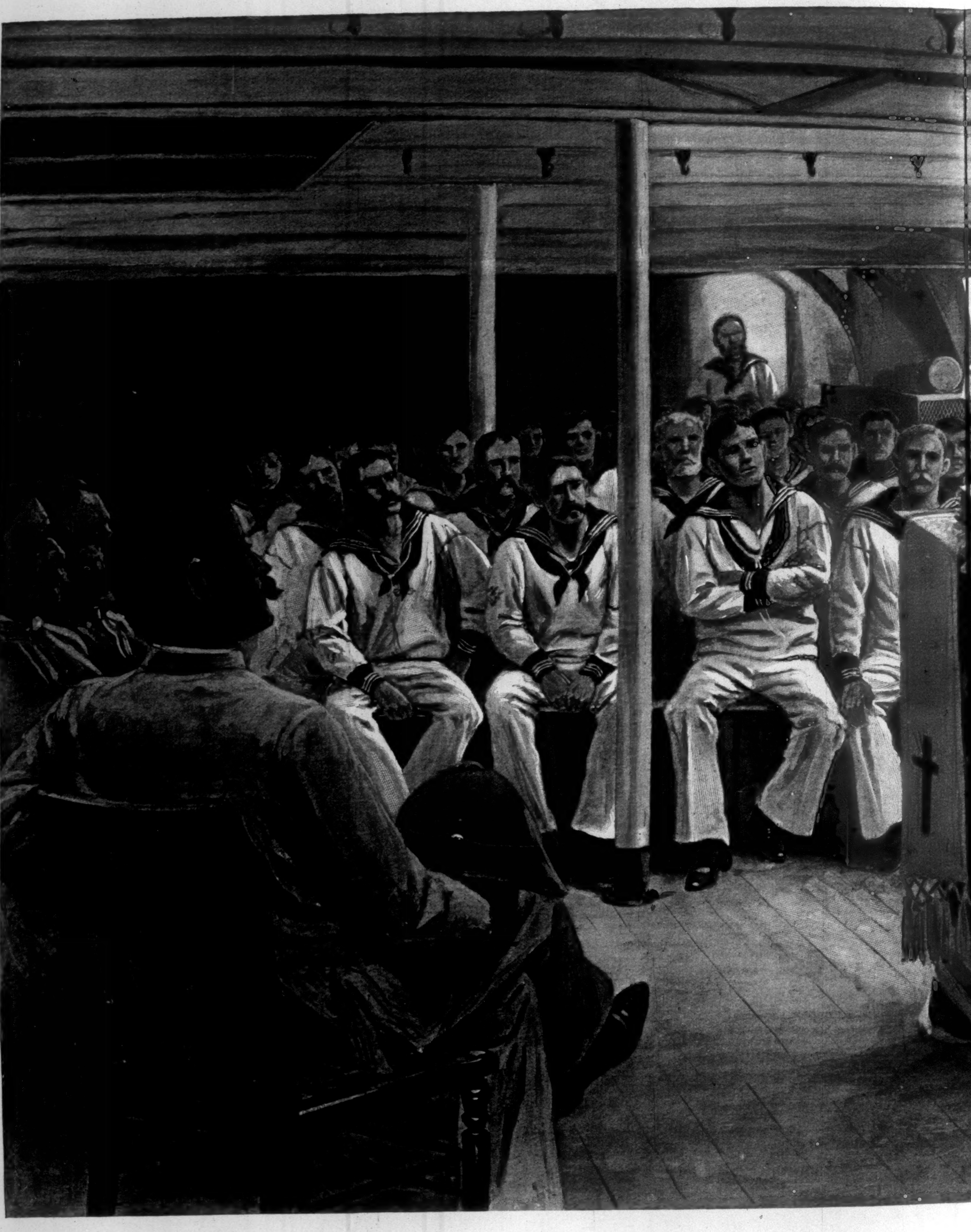
CHINA'S GRAND OLD MAN.

LI HUNG CHANG is China's Grand Old Man. Nearly three-quarters of a century old, he has been over half a century in the service of his country. He incarnates the modern ideas of progress in the Middle Kingdom. His career is one long story of courage, consistency, and victory. He is the best hated man in China. With more enemies than he can count, he survives them all. The number of those abroad who admire him is great. The minority of those at home who fear or honor him tends slowly to become a majority.

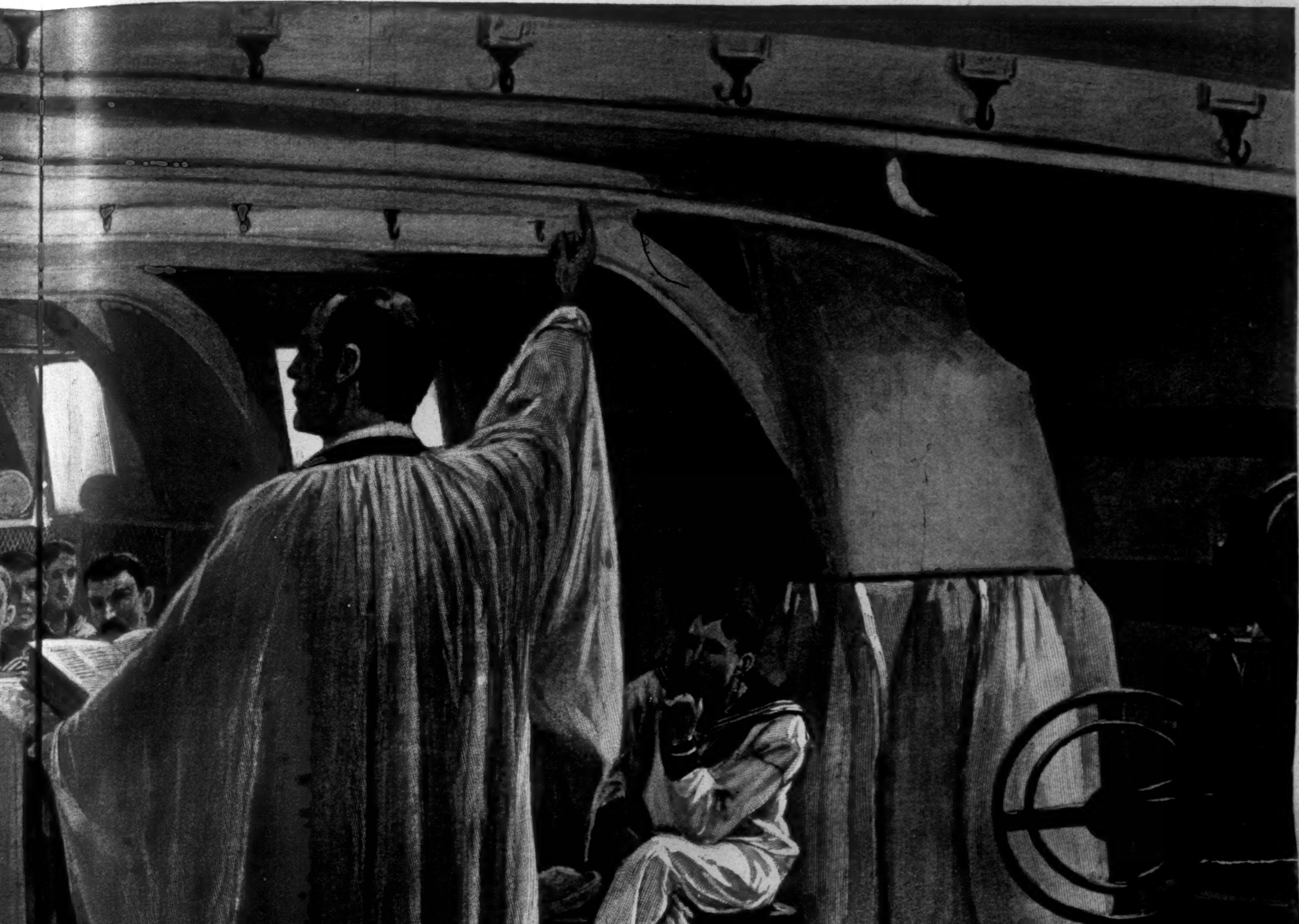
Mr. Plum, Sublime Lesson, as we should say in English, was born in 1822, in an obscure town, from parents who seemed in no way remarkable, though we suspect that the mother of the most famous of the five sons of Li senior must have been a woman of unusual force of character. At any rate, Li Hung-Chang came into the world with a superb physical organization, and with a brain-power which, joined to a strong will, enabled him to master that amazing system of ideographs which is the Chinese instrument for visibly expressing thought. Calligraphy, or fine penmanship, in the Occident is not reckoned as high a virtue as it ought to be; but in the Chinese world, where the "face" of a thing is looked upon more than its life, elegant writing is the passport to honor and a badge of culture. Yet, besides his penmanship, for which he is still famous, Li is a strong and graceful stylist, as the innumerable documents from his pen in the *Peking Gazette* show, and not a few elegant verses from his pen are known in China. In one of them he compares his friend Tseng to the diamond which carves and polishes into splendor the rough pebbles of the road, turning them into gems.

According to the standard of the Chinese proverb, Li has attained the three supreme prizes which lie on the top of the mountains Difficulty and Rarity They are longevity, sons, and wealth. Furthermore, both he and his brother have been viceroys. Virtually, if not actually, he has occupied the highest posts of honor and influence in China. He has been man of letters, soldier, statesman, diplomatist, and ambassador. He is a man of signal qualities, but also of decided limitations. He has suffered failure, defeat, and humiliation again and again, but he seems to have a genius for neutralizing the evil effects of his mistakes, and of wresting the flower of success from the brambles of danger.

We have said that Li has pronounced limitations. Having won his first successes as a soldier, he is too apt, both in the eyes of his Chinese critics and of his Western level-headed admirers, to overestimate the value of forts and armies. This is no wonder, for it was the object-lesson given him by American arms, tactics, and military genius which first opened his eyes to the power of modern and Western methods. Fortunately Li was young when he saw how the American Frederick Townsend Ward (born at Salem, Massachusetts, in November, 1831) took common Chinamen and turned them into nearly invincible



SUNDAY MORNING ON THE FLAG-SHIP.—D


R. F. Zogbaum
'96

—Drawn by Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum.—[See Page 874.]

heroes. English writers call Ward an "adventurer," and ascribe to Gordon the virtue of having converted Li and saved the Chinese Empire from the T'ai-p'ing Rebellion. Yet the fact that Gordon simply carried out the plans initiated by Ward, who was a natural soldier, that the Chinese themselves have reared memorials to the American, and that Li Hung-Chang was at once Ward's patron, friend, and pupil, justify the honor given to General Ward by critical students of modern Chinese history.

Li Hung-Chang, instead of being satisfied with the gratitude of his imperial master, and then settling down to Chinese official routine, immediately began the steady and persistent policy of arming China for defence against the great northern danger, Russia. For, first and last, Li is a patriot. He realizes his country's danger. He knows that unless China shall awake from her sluggish conservatism, her semi-paralysis wrought by contemptuous indifference, and her pride which goes before destruction, she must become a political corpse. Instead of sublime unity, there will be Russian, British, French, and German "protectorates," while China as an entity will disappear. For over a score of years he has given his time and thought to fortifying the coast, to providing a national army and navy, to building railroads, to developing the resources of the empire, and, by facing modern problems, to secure the empire intact. In a word, what William of Orange, what George Washington, what Abraham Lincoln, desired to do, each in his turn, has been and is Li Hung-Chang's burning desire. China has no political unity, in the sense of the term understood in the West. It may be likened to a colossal jelly-fish rather than to a vertebrated creature with brain and nerves. Li wished to make the nation a unity in which every portion should quickly respond. Out of many parts he would make one whole—*e pluribus unum*. Instead of jealous and almost hostile provinces, he would have a union able to resist all internal insurrections and all foreign enemies.

A full account of his efforts would make a fascinating story of brilliant successes and of painful failures. With eccentric and super-Chinese perception he saw that foreign aid in brains, skill, capital, and raw and manufactured material were essential. The money must be forthcoming. Most difficult of all was the task of overcoming the bigoted conceit of native conservatism, which teaches dogmatically that modern and Western progress are but sham, and retrogression from ancient and therefore perfect ideals. Cautiously feeling his way, he first engaged foreign instructors, and in his own province, and virtually as a private enterprise, organized and drilled an army, built forts, arsenals, and light-houses, and bought and equipped a fleet. In reality, when the Chino-Japanese war of 1894 broke out, there was but one province in China with an army and navy. The war was virtually carried on between Japan and two Chinese provinces.

In China the graveyard is a true sceptre, and ghosts have more power than the living. The majority rules, but it is the majority of spectres. One of the first necessities of China, if her life was to be preserved against enemies, was a railway; but the ghosts were all against it. Even the shadow of a telegraph wire, to say nothing of sleepers and rails, laid over cemeteries, or even near them, would call down a deluge of disasters from the invisible world in which Feng Shuey reigns. Nevertheless, so influential had Li become, that in 1889 he was made happy by the receipt of an imperial edict granting permission to build a railway from Hankow to Peking, and up to Mukden, and even to Kirin. Thus Chinese armies could be moved for the defence of the capital, to the frontier, in a few days. Thereupon foreigners who did not understand the government at Peking trumpeted all over the world "the regeneration of China." The banners of financial hope bent on their staves in breezes of delight above every money-market in Europe. Hopeful agents set their faces toward Tien-tsin, expecting to return home with portmanteaus full of orders. Prominent financiers even thought they had received real "concessions."

These premature flowers of hope, that had budded in momentary sunshine even at the very rim of the Chinese glacier, were soon black and dead with frost. Why? Simply because the enemies of Li and the partners of the graveyard spectres had memorialized the throne, protesting against the employment of foreign skill and material, and asking that the work be done by Chinese skill and labor and with Chinese material. Of course these mandarins, so cunning and eloquent, did not mean to oppose having railroads. Oh no! But when the iron and the coal in China are hundreds of miles apart, and the only means of transportation are human shoulders, baskets, and wheelbarrows, with not a single plant for the making of a steel rail, they knew that their method of gently smothering the whole scheme would suffice. And it did. The Emperor agreed with them. Li could only acquiesce, and walk as mourner at the funeral of his ambition. Generously he nominated his polite enemy to be superintendent of railway; but at the rate at which the so-called "work" progressed, it was evident that the Russians would have *their* road finished to the sea, perhaps to Kirin or Mukden, and possibly to Seoul and Peking, before the Chinese road carried a single army corps. Indeed, it seemed, about 1893, as if progress along foreign lines of ideas was paralyzed, and money for improvements would be no more forth-coming.

Then, as we believe, Li, pressed nearly to the wall, ventured upon a desperate game to get money and push forward the building of forts and railways and the making and enlarging of an army and navy. He would wholesomely alarm the authorities at Peking, and tap the treasury that money might flow for defence. He would bring on a war with Japan. With his big fleet and German-drilled army he planned to win easy victory, fasten the grip of China on Korea, and give Russia a wholesome warning. Hence his deliberate provocation of the Japanese by inciting Yuan, his envoy and agent in Korea, his overawing of the Korean King, and finally his violation of the Li-Ito treaty of 1885 by sending Chinese troops into the peninsular kingdom, thereby forcing the war hand and drawing the fire of the Japanese. In all this he acted with a noble motive, for Li is, first of all, a patriot. His aim was to exalt the prestige of his country, and carry out his plans for her benefit.

Yet Li is a man of pronounced limitations. With all his noble purposes, he believes in the Chinese system of spoils, and of getting and enjoying the wealth which comes from public service and public-spiritedness. Furthermore, notwithstanding his super-Chinese ability to see the excellence of foreign technics, he is still unregenerate. In his eyes all moral excellence is with the Chinese ancients—the mythical founders of Chinese law and order. He is utterly unconverted to any morals except those taught by Confucius. All foreigners, even the best of his servants, helpers, advisers, and friends, are unworthy of the kind of respect which should be given to a son of Han. The least in the Chinese kingdom of heaven is greater than the mightiest born of woman in Christendom.

As for a Japanese, he could be nothing more than a wayward pupil of China or a mere imitator of the Westerners. With all his ability of discernment, Li Hung-Chang could not perceive the finer strength that inheres in the Japanese character. Hence his genuine surprise at the ability of the Mikado's sailors and soldiers. Having no real idea of Japan's power, unable to give his near neighbor even the respect that he yielded to foreigners, he miscalculated their powers. Unintentionally, and with a good motive, he brought disaster upon his country. Japan was too close to his own eyelids. "It is dark at the base of the lamp-post."

"Now sinking, now floating, in the trough and on the wave—such is life." Li's history illustrates this Oriental proverb. Degraded by his master, hated by his enemies, made scapegoat for the sins of the Peking government, he yet rose again *de profundis* to honors in jackets and buttons, in imperial favor, in office and command. Both countries looked to him as the one man for the crisis. He only could represent the Son of Heaven for treaty-making in the land of the victor. To him only the Mikado and his ministers cast their eyes as the one Chinaman who could collect and pay over an indemnity when promised. Even the bullet of the assassin worked to his honor and glory. Because he lost a few drops of blood, he gained vast advantage in the treaty. Further, he knew only too well that what he handed out so liberally, flattering the vanity of the Japanese, the triple alliance of Muscovite, Teuton, and Gaul would take back, meanwhile saving the honor of China. From the first, when the Russian bear had discovered the two Orientals at fight, he saw his way clear to a fat meal.

So Li returned to China to hear with one ear the storm of anger, derision, and obloquy which his enemies raised up, charging him with being a traitor and betraying his country, while with his other ear he listened to the thanks of the Emperor and of the better statesmen and people of his country. Thoroughly appropriate has been the crowning honor of his life, that he should be chosen to represent the ruler of one-fourth of the inhabitants of this planet at the coronation of the Czar, and in bearing greetings and congratulations around the world.

With all his limitations, Li Hung-Chang is the greatest Chinaman since the days of Kublai Khan. Let us welcome and honor him. Where he has sown, others will reap. May the regeneration of China be accomplished without the shattering of the vessel.

William Elliot Griffis.

THE LANDLORD AT LION'S HEAD.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "A Hazard of New Fortunes," "The Quality of Mercy," etc.

Illustrated by W. T. Smedley.

XXVII.

JACKSON kept his promise to write to Westover, but he was better than his word to his mother, and wrote to her every week that winter.

"I seem just to live from letter to letter. It's ridic'lous," she said to Cynthia once when the girl brought the mail in from the barn, where the men-folks kept it till they had put away their horses after driving over from Lovewell with it. The trains on the branch road were taken off in the winter, and the post-office at the hotel was discontinued. The men had to go to the town by cutter, over a highway that the winds sifted half full of snow after it had been broken out by the ox-teams in the morning. But Mrs. Durgin had studied the steamer days and calculated the time it would take letters to come from New York to Lovewell; and, unless a blizzard was raging, some one had to go for the mail when the day came. It was usually Jombateeste, who reverted in winter to the type of *habitant* from whom he had sprung. He wore a blue woollen cap, like a large sock, pulled over his ears and close to his eyes, and below it his clean-shaven brown face showed. He had blue woollen mittens, and boots of russet leather, without heels, came to his knees; he got a pair every time he went home on St. John's day. His lean little body was swathed in several short jackets, and he brought the letters buttoned into one of the innermost pockets. He produced the letter from Jackson promptly enough when Cynthia came out to the barn for it, and then he made a show of getting his horse out of the cutter shafts, and shouting international reproaches at it, till she was forced to ask, "Haven't you got something for me, Jombateeste?"

"You expec' some letter?" he said, unbuckling a strap and shouting louder.

"You know whether I do. Give it to me."

"I don' know. I think I drop something on the road. I saw something white; maybe snow; good deal of snow."

"Don't plague! Give it here!"

"Wait I finish unhitch. I can't find any letter till I get some time to look."

"Oh, now, Jombateeste! *Give* me my letter!"

"W'at you want letter for? Always same thing. Well! 'Old the 'oss; I goin' to feel."

Jombateeste felt in one pocket after another, while Cynthia clung to the colt's bridle, and he was uncertain till the last whether he had any letter for her. When it appeared she made a flying snatch at it, and ran; and the comedy was over, to be repeated in some form the next week.

The girl somehow always possessed herself of what was in her letters before she reached the room where Mrs. Durgin was waiting for hers. She had to read that aloud to Jackson's mother, and in the evening she had to read it again to Mrs. Durgin, and Whitwell and Jombateeste and Frank, after they had done their chores, and they had gathered in the old farm-house parlor, around the air-tight sheet-iron stove, in a heat of eighty degrees. Whitwell listened, with planchette ready on the table before him, and he consulted it for telepathic impressions of Jackson's actual mental state when the reading was over.

He got very little out of the perverse instrument. "I can't seem to work her. If Jackson was here—"

"We shouldn't need to ask plantchette about him," Cynthia once suggested, with the spare sense of humor that sometimes revealed itself in her.

"Well, I guess that's something so," her father candidly admitted. But the next time he consulted the helpless planchette as hopefully as before. "You can't tell, you can't tell," he urged.

"The trouble seems to be that plantchette can't tell," said Mrs. Durgin, and they all laughed. They were not people who laughed a great deal, and they were each intent upon some point of the future that kept them from pleasure in the present. The little Canuck was the only one who suffered himself a contemporaneous consolation. His early faith had so far lapsed from him that he could hospitably entertain the wild psychical conjectures of Whitwell without an accusing sense of heresy, and he found the winter of northern New England so mild after that of Lower Canada that he experienced a high degree of animal comfort in it, and looked forward to nothing better. To be well fed, well housed, and well heated; to smoke successive pipes while the others talked, and to catch through his smoke wreaths vague glimpses of their meanings, was enough. He felt that in being promoted to the care of the stables in Jackson's absence he occupied a dignified and responsible position, with a confidential relation to the exile which justified him in sending special messages to him, and attaching peculiar value to Jackson's remembrances.

The exile's letters said very little about his health, which in the sense of no news his mother held to be good news, but they were full concerning the monuments and the ethnological interest of life in Egypt. They were largely rescripts of each day's observations and experiences, close and full, as his mother liked them in regard to fact, and generously philosophized on the side of politics and religion for Whitwell. The Eastern question became in the snow-choked hills of New England the engrossing concern of this speculative mind, and he was apt to spring it upon Mrs. Durgin and Cynthia at meal-times and other defenceless moments. He tried to debate it with Jombateeste, who conceived of it as a form of spiritualistic inquiry, and answered from the hay-loft, where he was throwing down fodder for the cattle to Whitwell, volubly receiving it on the barn floor below, that he believed, him, everybody got a hastral body, English same as Mormons.

"Guess you mean Moslems," said Whitwell, and Jombateeste asked the difference, defiantly.

The letters which came to Cynthia could not be made as much a general interest, and, in fact, no one else cared so much for them as for Jackson's letters, not even Jeff's mother. After Cynthia got one of them, she would ask, perfunctorily, what Jeff said, but when she was told there was no news she did not press her question.

"If Jackson don't get back in time next summer," Mrs. Durgin said, in one of the talks she had with the girl, "I guess I shall have to let Jeff and you run the house alone."

"I guess we shall want a little help from you," said Cynthia, demurely. She did not refuse the implication of Mrs. Durgin's words, but she would not assume that there was more in them than they expressed.

When Jeff came home for the three days' vacation at Thanksgiving, he wished again to relinquish his last year at Harvard, and Cynthia had to summon all her forces to keep him to his promise of staying. He brought home the books with which he was working off his conditions, with a half-hearted intention of study, and she took hold with him, and together they fought forward over the ground he had to gain. His mother was almost willing at last that he should give up his last year in college.

"What is the use?" she asked. "He's give up the law, and he might as well commence here first as last, if he's goin' to."

The girl had no reason to urge against this; she could only urge her feeling that he ought to go back, and take his degree with the rest of his class.

"If you're going to keep Lion's Head the way you pretend you are," she said to him, as she could not say to his mother, "you want to keep all your Harvard friends, don't you, and have them remember you? Go back, Jeff, and don't you come here again till after you've got your degree. Never mind the Christmas vacation, nor the Easter. Stay in Cambridge, and work off your conditions. You can do it, if you try. Oh, don't you suppose *I* should like to have you here?" she reproached him.

He went back, with a kind of grudge in his heart, which he confessed in his first letter home to her, when he told her that she was right and he was wrong. He was sure now, with the impulse which their work on them in common had given him, that he should get his conditions off, and he wanted her and his mother to begin preparing their minds to come to his Class Day. He planned how they could both be away from the hotel for that day. The house was to be opened on the 20th of June, but it was not likely that there would be so many people at once that they could not give the 21st to Class Day; Frank and his father could run Lion's Head somehow, or, if they could not, then the opening could be postponed till the 24th. At all events, they must not fail to come. Cynthia showed the whole letter to his mother, who refused to think of such a thing, and then asked, as if the fact had not been fully set before her, "*When* is it to be?"

"The 21st of June."

"Well, he's early enough with his invitation," she grumbled.

"Yes, he is," said Cynthia, and she laughed for shame and pleasure as she confessed, "I was thinking he was rather late."

She hung her head, and turned her face away. But Mrs. Durgin understood. "You be'n expectin' it all along, then."

"I guess so."

"I presume," said the elder woman, "that he's talked to you about it. He never tells me much. I don't see why you should want to go. What's it like?"

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"Oh, I don't know. But it's the day the graduating class have to themselves, and all their friends come."

"Well, I don't know why anybody should want to go," said Mrs. Durgin. "I sha'n't. Tell him he won't want to own me when he sees me. What *am* I goin' to wear, I should like to know? What *you* goin' to wear, Cynthy?"

XXVIII.

Jeff's place in Harvard had been too long fixed among the jays to allow the hope of wholly retrieving his condition now. It was too late for him to be chosen in any of the nicer clubs or societies, but he was not beyond the mounting sentiment of comradery, which begins to tell in the last year among college men, and which had its due effect with his class. One of the men, who had always had a foible for humanity, took advantage of the prevailing mood in another man, and wrought upon him to ask, among the fellows he was asking to a tea at his rooms, several fellows who were distinctly and almost typically jay. The tea was for the aunt of the man who gave it, a very pretty woman from New York, and it was so richly qualified by young people of fashion from Boston that the infusion of the jay flavor could not spoil it, if it would not rather add an agreeable piquancy. This college mood coincided that year with a benevolent emotion in the larger world, from which fashion was not exempt. Society had just been stirred by the reading of a certain book, which had then a very great vogue, and several people had been down among the wretched at the North End doing good, in a conscience-stricken effort to avert the millennium which the book in question seemed to threaten. The lady who matronized the tea was said to have done more good than you could imagine at the North End, and she caught at the chance to meet the college jays in a spirit of Christian charity. When the man who was going to give the tea rather sheepishly confessed what the altruistic man had got him in for, she praised him so much that he went away feeling like the hero of a holy cause She promised the assistance and sympathy of several brave girls, who would not be afraid of all the jays in college.

After all, only one of the jays came. Not many, in fact, had been asked, and when Jeff Durgin actually appeared, it was not known that he was both the first and the last of his kind. The lady who was matronizing the tea recognized him, with a throe of her quickened conscience, as the young fellow whom she had met two winters before at the studio tea which Mr. Westover had given to those queer Florentine friends of his, and whom she had never thought of since, though she had then promised herself to do something for him. She had then even given him some vague hints of a prospective hospitality, and she confessed her sin of omission in a swift but graphic retrospect to one of her brave girls, while Jeff stood blocking out a space for his stalwart bulk amid the alien elegance just within the doorway, and the host was making his way toward him, with an outstretched hand of hardy welcome.

At an earlier period of his neglect and exclusion, Jeff would not have responded to the belated overture which had now been made him, for no reason that he could divine. But he had nothing to lose by accepting the invitation, and he had promised the altruistic man, whom he rather liked; he did not dislike the giver of the tea so much as some other men, and so he came.

The brave girl whom the matron was preparing to devote to him stood shrinking with a trepidation which she could not conceal at sight of his strange massiveness, with his rust-gold hair coming down toward his thick yellow brows and mocking blue eyes in a dense bang, and his jaw squaring itself under the rather insolent smile of his full mouth. The matron felt that her victim was perhaps going to fail her, when a voice at her ear said, as if the question were extorted, "Who in the world is *that?*"

She instantly turned, and flashed out in a few inspired syllables the fact she had just imparted to her treacherous heroine. "*Do* let me introduce him, Miss Lynde. I must do something for him, when he gets up to me, if he ever does."

"By all means," said the girl, who had an impulse to laugh at the rude force of Jeff's face and figure, so disproportioned to the occasion, and she vented it at the matron's tribulation. The matron was shaking hands with people right and left, and exchanging inaudible banalities with them. She did not know what the girl said in answer, but she was aware that she remained near her. She had professed her joy at seeing Jeff again, when he reached her, and she turned with him and said, "Let me present you to Miss Lynde, Mr. Durgin," and so abandoned them to each other.

As Jeff had none of the anxiety for social success which he would have felt at an earlier period, he now left it to Miss Lynde to begin the talk, or not, as she choose. He bore himself with so much indifference that she was piqued to an effort to hold his eyes, that wandered from her to this face and that in the crowd.

"Do you find many people you know, Mr. Durgin?"

"I don't find any."

"I supposed you didn't from the way you looked at them."

"How did I look at them?"

"As if you wanted to eat them, and one never wants to eat one's friends."

"Why?"

"Oh, I don't know. They wouldn't agree with one."

Jeff laughed, and he now took fuller note of the slender girl who stood before him, and swayed a little backward, in a graceful curve. He saw that she had a dull, thick complexion, with liquid eyes, set wide apart and slanted upwards slightly, and a nose that was deflected inward from the straight line; but her mouth was beautiful and vividly red like a crimson blossom.

"Couldn't you find me some place to sit down, Mr. Durgin?" she asked.

He had it on his tongue to say, "Well, not unless you want to sit down on some enemy," but he did not venture this: when it comes to daring of that sort, the boldest man is commonly a little behind a timid woman.

Several of the fellows had clubbed their rooms, and lent them to the man who was giving the tea; he used one of the apartments for a cloak-room, and he meant the other for the social overflow from his own. But people always prefer to remain dammed-up together in the room where they are received, and Miss Lynde looked between the neighboring heads, and over the neighboring shoulders, and saw the borrowed apartment quite empty. At the moment of this discovery the host came fighting his way up to make sure that Jeff had been provided for in the way of introductions. He promptly introduced him to Miss Lynde. She said: "Oh, that's been done! Can't you think of something new?" Jeff liked the style of this. "*I* don't mind it, but I'm afraid Mr. Durgin must find it monotonous."

"Oh, well, do something original yourself, then, Miss Lynde!" said the host. "Start a movement for that room across the passage; that's mine, too, for the occasion; and save some of those people's lives. It's suffocating, in here."

"I don't mind saving Mr. Durgin's," said the girl, "if he wants it saved."

"Oh, I know he's just dying to have you save it," said the host, and he left them, to inspire other people to follow their example. But such as glanced across the passage into the overflow room seemed to think it now the possession solely of the pioneers of the movement. At any rate, they made no show of joining them, and after Miss Lynde and Jeff had looked at the pictures on the walls and the photographs on the mantel of the room where they found themselves, they sat down on chairs fronting the open door, and the door of the room they had left. The window-seat would have been more to Jeff's mind, and he had proposed it, but the girl seemed not to have heard him; she took the deep easy-chair in full view of the company opposite, and left him to pull up a chair beside her.

"I always like to see the pictures in a man's room," she said, with a little sigh of relief from their inspection, and a partial yielding of her figure to the luxury of the chair. "Then I know what the man is. This man—I don't know whose room it is—seems to have spent a good deal of *his* time at the theatre."

"Isn't that where most of them spend their time?" asked Jeff.

"I'm sure I don't know. Is that where you spend yours?"

"It used to be. I'm not spending my time anywhere, just now." She looked questioningly, and he added, "I haven't got any to spend."

"Oh, indeed! Is that a reason? Why don't you spend somebody else's?"

"Nobody has any, that I know."

"You're all working off conditions, you mean?"

"That's what I'm doing, or trying to."

"Then it's never certain whether you can do it, after all?"

"Not so certain as to be free from excitement," said Jeff, smiling.

"And are you consumed with the melancholy that seems to be balling up all the men at the prospect of having to leave Harvard and go out into the hard, cold world?"

"I don't look it, do I?" Jeff asked.

"No, you don't. And you don't feel it? You're not trying concealment, and so forth?"

"No; if I'd had my own way, I'd have left Harvard before this." He could see that his bold assumption of difference, or indifference, told upon her. "I couldn't get out into the hard, cold world too soon."

"How fearless! Most of them don't know what they're going to do in it."

"I do."

"And what *are* you going to do? Or perhaps you think that's asking!"

"Oh, no. I'm going to keep a hotel."

He had hoped to startle her, but she asked, rather quietly, "What do you mean?" and she added, as if to punish him for trying to mystify her: "I've always heard that it requires gifts for that. Isn't there some proverb?"

"Yes. But I'm going to try to do it on experience." He laughed, and he did not mind her trying to hit him, for he saw that he had made her curious.

"Do you mean that you *have* kept a hotel?"

"For three generations," he returned, with a gravity that mocked her from his bold eyes.

"I'm sure *I* don't know what you mean," she said, indifferently. "Where is your hotel? In Boston—New York—Chicago?"

"It's in the country—it's a summer hotel," he said, as before.

She looked away from him toward the other room. "There's my brother. I didn't know he was coming."

"Shall I go and tell him where you are?" Jeff asked, following the direction of her eyes.

"No, no; he can find me," said the girl, sinking back in her chair again. He left her to resume the talk where she chose, and she said, "If it's something ancestral, of course—"

"I don't know as it's that, exactly. My grandfather used to keep a country tavern, and so it's in the blood, but the hotel I mean is something that we've worked up into from a farm boarding-house."

"You don't talk like a country person," the girl broke in, abruptly.

"Not in Cambridge. I do, in the country."

"And so," she prompted, "you're going to turn it into a hotel, when you've got out of Harvard."

"It's a hotel already, and a pretty big one; but I'm going to make the right kind of hotel of it when I take hold of it."

"And what is the right kind of a hotel?"

"That's a long story. It would make you tired."

"It might, but we've got to spend the time somehow. You could begin, and then if I couldn't stand it you could stop."

"It's easier to stop first, and begin some other time. On the whole, I guess I'll let you imagine my hotel, Miss Lynde."

"Oh, I understand now," said the girl. "The table will be the great thing. You will stuff people."

"Do you mean that I'm trying to stuff you?"

"How do I know? You never can tell what men really mean."

Jeff laughed with mounting pleasure in her audacity, that imparted a sense of tolerance for him such as he had experienced very seldom from the Boston girls he had met; after all, he had met but few. It flattered him to have her doubt what he had told her in his reckless indifference; it implied that he was fit for better things than hotel-keeping.

"You never can tell how much a woman believes," he retorted.

"And you keep trying to find out?"

"No, but I think that they might believe the truth."

"You'd better try them with it!"

"Well, I will. Do you really want to know what I'm going to do when I get through?"

"Let me see!" Miss Lynde leaned forward, with her elbow on her knee and her chin in her hand, and softly kicked the edge of her skirt with the toe of her shoe, as if in a deep thought. Jeff waited for her to play her comedy through. "Yes," she said, "I think I *did* wish to know—at one time."

"But you don't now?"

"Now? How can I tell? It was a great while ago!"

"I see you don't."

Miss Lynde did not make any reply. She asked, "Do you know my aunt, Mr. Durgin?"

"I didn't know you had one."

"Yes, everybody has an aunt—even when they haven't a mother, if you can believe the Gilbert operas. I ask because I happen to live with my aunt, and if you knew her she might—ask you to call." Miss Lynde scanned Jeff's face for the effect of this upon him.

He said, gravely, "If you'll introduce me to her, I'll ask her to let me."

"Would you, really?" said the girl. "I've half a mind to try. I wonder if you'd really have the courage."

"I don't think I'm easily rattled."

"You mean that I'm trying to rattle you."

"No—"

"I'm not. My aunt is just what I've said."

"You haven't said what she was. Is she here?"

"No; that's the worst of it. If she were, I should introduce you, just to see if you'd dare. Well, some other time I *will*."

"You think there'll be some other time?" Jeff asked.

"I don't know. There are all kinds of times. By-the-way, what time *is* it?"

Jeff looked at his watch. "Quarter after six."

"Then I must go." She jumped to her feet, and faced about for a glimpse of herself in the little glass on the mantel, and put her hand on the large pink roses massed at her waist. One heavy bud dropped from its stem to the floor, where, while she stood, the edge of her skirt pulled and pushed it. She moved a little aside, to peer over at a photograph. Jeff stooped and picked up the flower, which he offered her.

"You dropped it."

"Did I?" She looked at it with an effect of surprise and doubt.

"I thought so, but if you don't, I shall keep it."

The girl removed her careless eyes from it. "When they break off so short, they won't go back."

"If I were a rose, I should want to go back," said Jeff.

She stopped in one of her many aversions and reversions, and looked at him steadily across her shoulder. "You won't have to keep a poet, Mr. Durgin."

"Thank you. I always expected to write the circulars myself. I'll send you one."

"Do."

"With this rose pressed between the leaves, so you'll know."

"That would be very pretty. But you must take me to Mrs. Bevidge, now, if you can."

"I guess I can," said Jeff; and in a minute or two they stood before the matronizing hostess, after a passage through the babbling and laughing groups that looked as impossible after they had made it as it looked before.

Mrs. Bevidge gave the girl's hand a pressure distinct from the official touch of parting, and contrived to say, for her hearing alone: "Thank you *so* much, Bessie. You've done missionary work."

"I shouldn't call it that."

"It will do for *you* to say so! He wasn't really so bad, then? Thank you again, dear!"

Jeff had waited his turn. But now, after the girl had turned away, as if she had forgotten him, his eyes followed her, and he did not know that Mrs. Bevidge was speaking to him. Miss Lynde had slimly lost herself in the mass, till she was only a graceful tilt of hat, before she turned with a distraught air. When her eyes met Jeff's they lighted up with a look that comes into the face when one remembers what one has been trying to think of. She gave him a brilliant smile that seemed to illumine him from head to foot, and before it was quenched, he felt as if she had kissed her hand to him from her rich mouth.

Then he heard Mrs. Bevidge asking something about a hall, and he was aware of her bending upon him a look of the daring humanity that had carried her triumphantly through her good works at the North End.

"Oh, I'm not in the Yard," said Jeff, with belated intelligence.

"Then will just Cambridge reach you?"

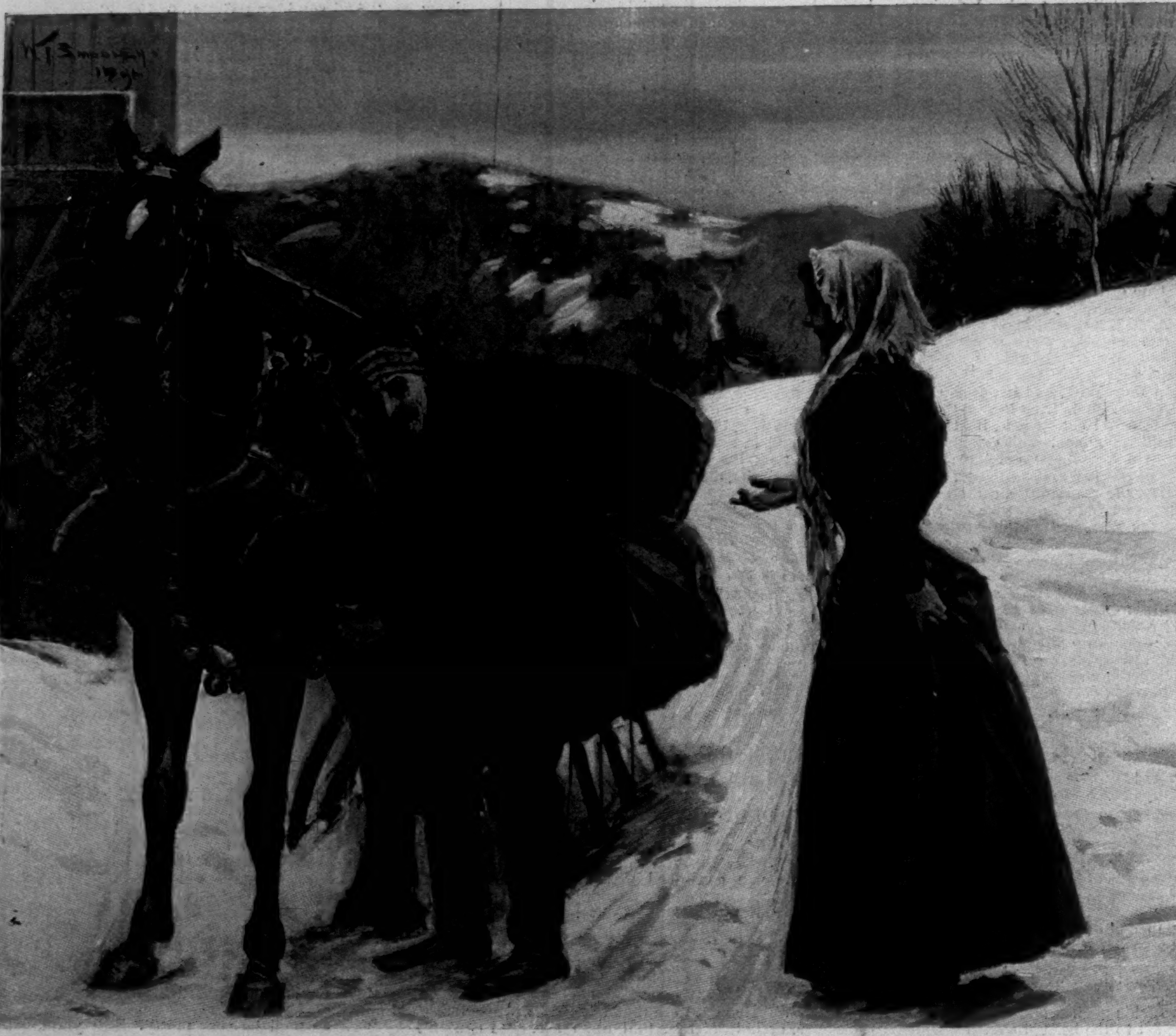
He gave his number and street, and she thanked him with the benevolence that availed so much with the lower classes. He went away thrilling and tingling, with that girl's tones in his ear, her motions in his nerves, and the colors of her face filling his sight, which he printed on the air whenever he turned, as one does with a vivid light after looking at it.

XXIX.

When Jeff reached his room he felt the need of writing to Cynthia, with whatever obscure intention of atonement. He told her of the college tea he had just come from, and made fun of it, and the kind of people he had met, especially the affected girl who had tried to rattle him; he said he guessed she did not think she had rattled him a great deal.

While he wrote he kept thinking how this Miss Lynde was nearer his early ideal of fashion, of high life, which Westover had pretty well snubbed out of him, than any woman he had seen yet; she seemed a girl who would do what she pleased, and would not be afraid if it did not please other people. He liked her having tried to rattle him, and he smiled to himself in recalling her failure. It was as if she had laid hold of him with her little hands to shake him, and had shaken herself. He laughed out in the dark when this image came into his mind; its intimacy flattered him; and he believed that it was upon some hint from her that Mrs. Bevidge had asked his address. She must be going to ask him to her house, and very soon, for it was part of Jeff's meagre social experience that this was the way swells did: they might never ask you twice, but they would ask you promptly.

The thing that Mrs. Bevidge asked Jeff to, when her



"'OH, NOW, JOMBATEESTE! GIVE ME MY LETTERS!"

note reached him the second day after the tea, was a meeting to interest young people in the work at the North End, and Jeff swore under his breath at the disappointment and indignity put upon him. He had reckoned upon an afternoon tea, at least, or even in the flights of fancy which he now disowned to himself, a dance after the Mid-Years, or possibly an earlier reception of some sort. He burned with shame to think of a theatre party, which he fondly specialized, with a seat next Miss Lynde.

He tore Mrs. Bevidge's note to pieces, and decided not to answer it at all, as the best way of showing how he had taken her invitation. But Mrs. Bevidge's benevolence was not wanting in courage; she believed that Jeff should pay his footing in society, such as it was, and should allow himself to be made use of, the first thing; when she had no reply from him, she wrote him again, asking him to an adjourned meeting of the first convocation, which had been so successful in everything but members. This time she baited her hook, in hoping that the young men would feel something of the interest the young ladies had already shown in the matter. She expressed the fear that Mr. Durgin had not got her earlier letter, and she sent this second to the care of the man who had given the tea.

Jeff's resentment was now so far past that he would have civilly declined to go to the woman's house; but all his hopes of seeing that girl, as he always called Miss Lynde in his thought, were revived by the mention of the young ladies interested in the cause. He accepted, though all the way into Boston he laid wagers with himself that she would not be there; and up to the moment of taking her hand he refused himself any hope of winning.

There was not much business before the meeting; that had really been all transacted before; it was mainly to make sure of the young men, who were present in the proportion of one to five young ladies at least. Mrs. Bevidge explained that she had seen the wastefulness of amateur effort among the poor, and announced that hereafter she was going to work with the established charities. These were very much in want of visitors, especially young men, to go about among the applicants for relief, and inquire into their real necessities, and get work for them. She was herself going to act as secretary for the meetings during the coming month, and apparently she wished to signalize her accession to the regular forces of charity by bringing into camp as large a body of recruits as she could.

But Jeff had not come to be made use of, or as a jay who was willing to work for his footing in society. He had come in the hope of meeting Miss Lynde, and now that he had met her he had no gratitude to Mrs. Bevidge as a means, and no regret for the defeat of her good purposes so far as she intended their fulfilment in him. He was so cool and self-possessed in excusing himself, for reasons that he took no pains to make seem unselfish, that the altruistic man who had got him asked to the college tea as a friendless jay, felt it laid upon him to apologize for Mrs. Bevidge's want of tact.

"She means well, and she's very much in earnest, in this work; but I must say she can make herself very offensive—when she doesn't try! She has a right to ask our help, but not to parade us as the captives of her bow and spear."

"Oh, that's all right," said Jeff. He perceived that the amiable fellow was claiming for all an effect that Jeff knew really implicated himself alone. "I couldn't load up with anything of that sort, if I'm to work off my conditions, you know."

"Are *you* in that boat?" said the altruist, as if he were, too; and he put his hand compassionately on Jeff's iron shoulder, and left him to Miss Lynde, whose side he had not stirred from since he had found her.

"It seems to me," she said, "that where there are so many of you in the same boat, you might manage to get ashore somehow."

"Yes, or all go down together." Jeff laughed, and ate Mrs. Bevidge's bread-and-butter, and drank her tea, with a relish unaffected by his refusal to do what she asked him. He was right, perhaps, and perhaps she deserved nothing better at his hands, but the altruist, when he glanced at him from the other side of the room, thought that he had possibly wasted his excuses upon Jeff's self-complacence.

He went away in a halo of young ladies; several of the other girls grouped themselves in their departure; and it happened that Miss Lynde and Jeff took leave together. Mrs. Bevidge said to her, with the caressing tenderness of one in the same set, "Good-by, dear!" To Jeff she said, with the cold conscience of those whom their nobility obliges, "I am always at home on Thursdays, Mr. Durgin."

"Oh, thank you," said Jeff. He understood what the words and the manner meant together, but both were instantly indifferent to him when he got outside, and found that Miss Lynde was not driving. Something, which was neither look, nor smile, nor word, of course, but nothing more at most than a certain pull and tilt of the shoulder, as she turned to walk away from Mrs. Bevidge's door, told him from her that he might walk home with her, if he would not seem to do so.

It was one of the pink evenings, dry and clear, that come in the Boston December, and they walked down the sidehill street, under the delicate tracery of the elm boughs in the face of the metallic sunset. In the section of the *Charles* that the perspective of the street blocked out, the wrinkled current showed as if glazed with the hard color. Jeff's strong frame rejoiced in the cold with a hale pleasure when he looked round into the face of the girl beside him, with the gray film of her veil pressed softly against her red mouth by her swift advance. Their faces were nearly on a level, as they looked into each other's eyes, and he kept seeing the play of the veil's edge against her lips as they talked.

"Why sha'n't you go to Mrs. Bevidge's Thursdays?" she asked. "They're very nice."

"How do you know I'm not going?"

"By the way you thanked her."

"Do you advise me to go?" Jeff asked.

"I haven't got anything to do with it. What do you mean by that?"

"I don't know. Curiosity, I suppose."

"Well, I do advise you to go," said the girl.

"Shall you be there next Thursday?"

"I? *I* never go to Mrs. Bevidge's Thursdays!"

"*Touché*," said Jeff, and they both laughed. "Can you always get in at an enemy that way?"

"Enemy?"

"Well, friend. It's the same thing."

"I see," said the girl. "You belong to the pessimistic school of seniors."

"Why don't you try to make an optimist of me?"

"Would it be worth while?"

"That isn't for me to say."

"Don't be diffident! That's staler yet."

"I'll be anything you like."

"I'm not sure you could." For an instant Jeff did not feel the point, and he had not the magnanimity, when he did, to own himself touched again. Apparently, if this girl could not rattle him, she could beat him at fence, and the will to dominate her began to stir in him. If he could have thought of any sarcasm, no matter how crushing, he would have come back at her with it. He could not think of anything, and he walked at her side, inwardly chafing for the chance which would not come.

When they reached her door there was a young man at the lock with a latch-key, which he was not making work, for, after a bated blasphemy of his failure, he turned and twitched the bell impatiently.

Miss Lynde laughed provokingly, and he looked over his shoulder at her and at Jeff, who felt his injury increased by the disadvantage this young man put him at. Jeff was as correctly dressed as he; he wore a silk hat of the last shape, and a long frock; he was properly gloved and shod; his clothes fitted him, and were from the best tailor; but at sight of this young man in clothes of the same design, he felt ill-dressed. He was in like sort aware of being rudely blocked out physically, and coarsely colored as to his blond tints of hair and eye and cheek. Even the sinister something in the young man's look had distinction, and there was style in the signs of dissipation in his handsome face which Jeff saw with a hunger to outdo him.

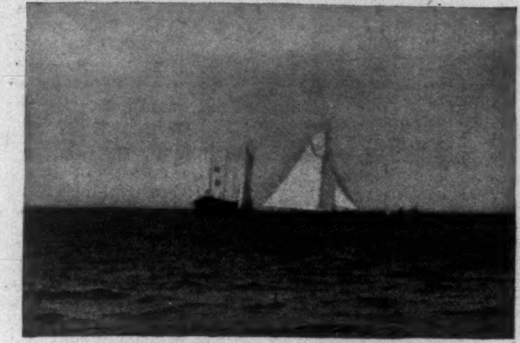
Miss Lynde said to Jeff, "My brother, Mr. Durgin," and then she added to the other, "You ought to ring first, Arthur, and try your key afterwards."

"The key's all right," said the young man, without paying any attention to Jeff beyond a glance of recognition; he turned his back, and waited for the door to be opened.

His sister suggested, with an amiability which Jeff felt was meant in reparation to him, "Perhaps a night-latch never works before dark—or very well before midnight." The door was opened, and she said to Jeff, with winning entreaty, "Won't you come in, Mr. Durgin?"

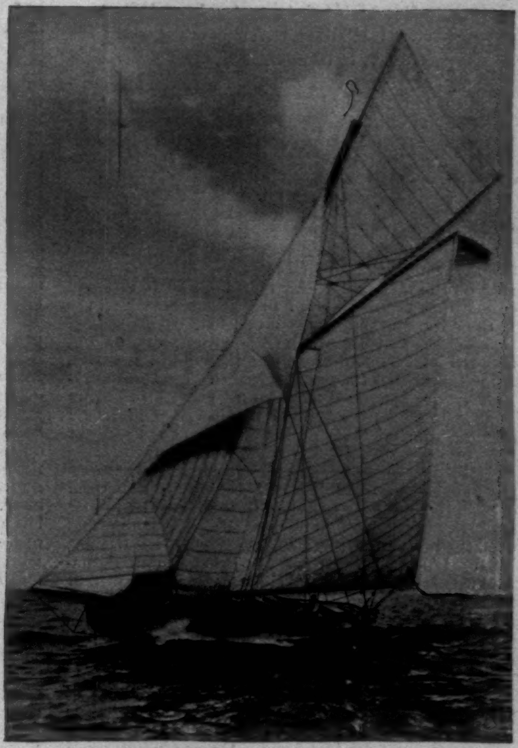
Jeff excused himself, for he perceived that her politeness was not so much an invitation to him as a defiance to her brother; he gave her credit for no more than it was worth, and he did not wish any the less to get even with her because of it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

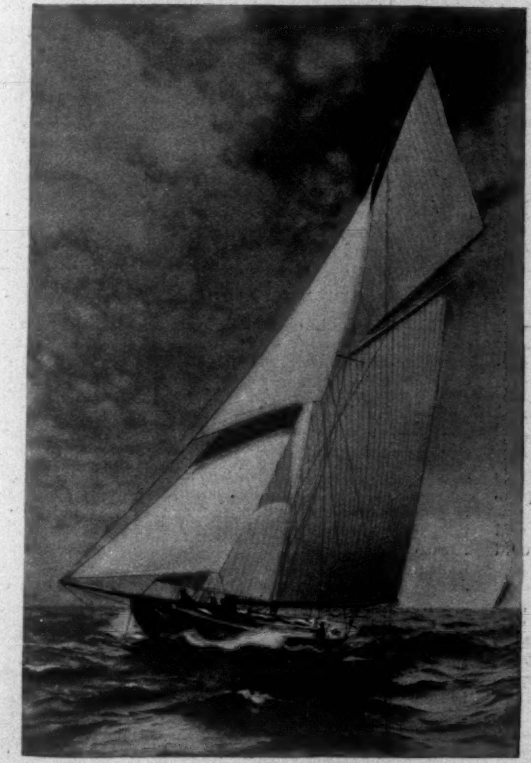


MANŒUVRING FOR POSITION.

W. H. PORTER,
Secretary International Yacht-race Ass'n.

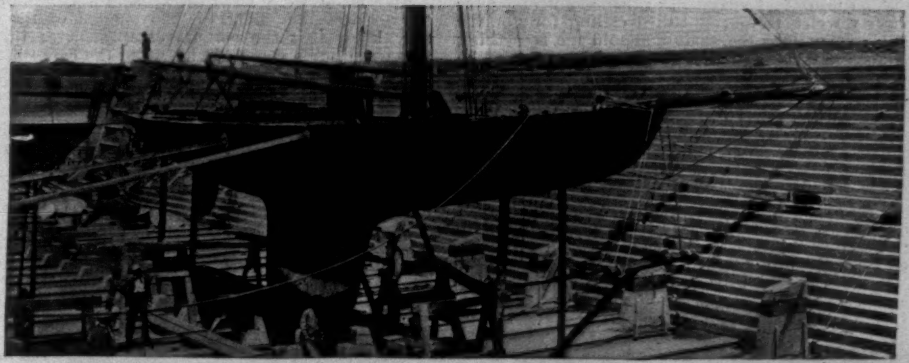


"VENCEDOR."
Photographed by Alvord & Sprague.

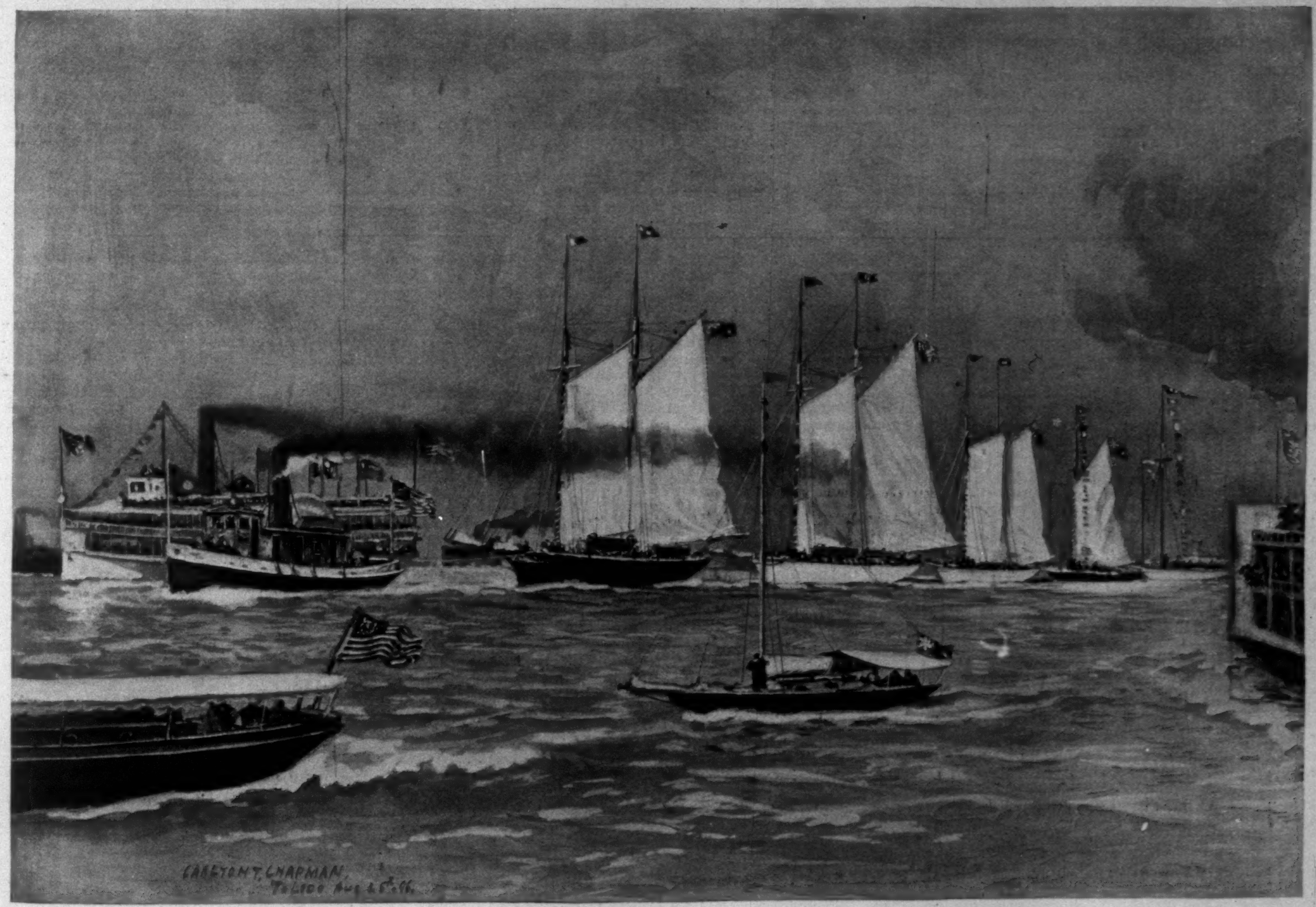


"CANADA."
Photographed by Alvord & Sprague.

ROBINSON LOCKE,
President International Yacht-race Ass'n.



"VENCEDOR" IN DRY DOCK.


Oriole.
Priscilla.
Mishal.
Zelma.
Sultana.
CARLTON T. CHAPMAN,
Toledo Aug 6th 96.

TOWING YACHTS OUT TO SEE THE RACE.—Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman.

THE INTERNATIONAL LAKE YACHT-RACE.—[See "Amateur Sport."]

PHOTOGRAPHING A SPANISH GUERILLA.

BY T. R. DAWLEY, JR.

McCarthy O'Leary and I had been arrested on somebody's sugar estate south of Alfonso XII. We had been rearrested in Union del Reyes, imprisoned in our hotel, and finally sent on to Matanzas, where we were tried on the serious charge of conspiring to blow up the fortifications about Matanzas with dynamite.

After our trial and acquittal I felt very much grieved to think that I had not obtained a single snap-shot at anything connected with all this varied experience. So I resolved to go back again! The next morning I took the train from Havana for Union del Reyes. Nothing exciting happened on the way, but I may mention a little incident which illustrates the absence of practical thought on the part of the average Spaniard. Word had been received that the rebels had damaged a bridge with dynamite, and a Spanish engineer had been sent on that morning's train to examine the bridge for the purpose of directing its repair. The engineer noticed me with my camera taking an occasional snap-shot from the car window, and informed me that the damaged bridge ought to be a good subject for me to photograph. Therefore, when our train came to a standstill in the midst of one of those wildernesses called by the Cubans a *manigua*, I got out of the train and followed the engineer to a long bridge, built by laying angle iron trusses upon stone abutments. The insurgents had placed their dynamite on the inside of one of the trusses, and blown a hole through the sheet-iron without damaging the bridge at all. But the engineer seemed to think the bridge had to be fixed, so he measured the size of the hole and made calculations accordingly to have a patch riveted over it, as though it were a boiler; or else he feared the hole would be an eyesore to the herds of cattle roaming around in that vicinity.

Upon arriving at La Union, I went directly to the hotel where O'Leary and I had been prisoners. The first man to greet me was the little lieutenant, captain of the escort which had taken us to Matanzas. He extended me a hearty welcome, declaring that he knew all the time that we were innocent. He inquired after O'Leary, whom he described by holding his hand as high up as he could reach. The military comandante came along and gave me a hearty welcome too; and then calling for gin, the young lieutenant took me aside and told me something about the pretty Cuban girl down the street whom he wanted photographed. Of course I would photograph the girl, but I had come especially to get a photograph of the comandante. The consequence was, I soon found, that I had the freedom of the city extended to me, with the result that the long-looked-for opportunity of going out with the Spanish soldiers presented itself. The following day I went out.

I had spent half a day skirmishing around with a guerilla force, and had witnessed their plundering of an estate which had just been burned by the insurgents. The captain of the force had allowed me to return to town in company with a peasant, who pointed out to me the remains of various of his countrymen who had been killed by the Spaniards, and were still lying by the wayside or in the burned cane-fields. As I rode up to the hotel I noticed another guerilla force, the guerrilleros of which were all dressed in bright new uniforms, and wore gaudy red bands around their straw hats. Their commanding officer accosted me, informing me that his force had just been mobilized and equipped, and were on the point of going out to chase rebels who had been reported in the vicinity of an estate several miles away. It was a golden opportunity for me to witness some fighting, I thought, or a chase after rebels at least. I wondered if the officer was acquainted with Weyler's decree prohibiting correspondents going into the field with the troops, at the same time expressing my willingness to photograph him at the head of his guerrilleros any way he might suggest. He would leave the suggestion to me to make the most effective picture. Naturally I thought the most effective picture could be made in the field, which suggestion was seconded by the officer's inviting me to go with him. I had not breakfasted, which fact I intimated to him.

"You shall breakfast with me," he said. "Corporal, order up an extra horse and saddle. Señor, have an appetizer. Waiter, bring us some gin."

Five minutes later we stepped out of the hotel, he to mount his horse and I to examine mine. The guerrilleros were mounted and waiting, and one of them was leading a scrubby little nag, which the officer pointed to as my mount. The horse was all right, but, oh, the saddle! It was one of those stuffed-leather saw-horse things, called in Spanish an *alvado*. The horse I had been riding all morning was still hitched in front of the hotel, and so it was a choice of a fresh horse and a poor saddle or a used horse and a good saddle. I preferred the tired horse to the *alvado*, and mounting, I took my place by the side of the officer, while the guerrilleros formed into two sections, the vanguard leading the way, and the rear-guard bringing up with the officer, myself, and an aide in the centre. I thought it was glorious sport as we thus formed and dashed by the pickets, the fort, and out between fields of waving cane. I only regretted that my sympathies were not with the Spaniards, that I might exchange my tripod for a carbine. The red streamers waved from the hats of the gay cavalcade, and the barrels of their carbines glistened in the hot sun. A little negro rode by my side, and occasionally took his eye off the field to look up into my face and grin, while the officer on my other side seemed very quiet and non-communicative. On, on we galloped, now rising on a ridge overlooking broad sweeps of cane-fields, now sinking into a hollow with grassy slopes on either side, and now up a sand hill, covering ourselves with clouds of dust. We rode between a cluster of buildings—a beautiful place, with a sugar-house on one side and a veritable palace on the other. There was a garden with refreshing fruit trees and variegated flowers; lovely things to see and smell and taste.

Said I, "This place does not seem to have suffered any damage?"

"No," said the officer; "it belongs to a foreigner, and the insurgents respect the property of foreigners."

Twenty minutes more and we rode by a plastered, round, towerlike fort guarding the roadway to another cluster of buildings. It was an estate not belonging to a foreigner, and needed the protection of a Spanish force. We dismounted in the court-yard formed by the surrounding buildings, and were met by the superintendent in charge. He looked out of humor, as he complained to the officer that a column of infantry had quartered themselves upon the premises the night before, playing havoc with everything in reach. The officer replied by saying I had come to take his photograph. An expression of disgust covered the man's face.

We were hot and hungry. It was past noon, and we had not breakfasted. What should we do—take pictures or eat? With an eye on business, I proposed to take pictures first and eat afterwards. I explained to the officer how I should like to photograph the force in motion.

While he backed the men up against the sugar-house, cursing and swearing liberally at their awkwardness, I arranged my camera. All ready, he ordered his men to advance in column of fours. After several attempts, I obtained the negative which is reproduced in the Weekly. The men were then allowed to dismount, and were supplied with a drink of something from a big demijohn.

The residence was one of those palacelike structures for which Cuban sugar estates have been noted. The officer led the way, followed by the superintendent, still grumbling about the damage done by the Spanish soldiers. Scarcely paying attention to the superintendent, he kicked off his boots and dusty uniform, and donning a more comfortable attire, with his feet thrust into Chinese slippers, he took the position of host and asked me what I would have. "You can have your choice," said he, "for we have an assortment of everything here," and then he ordered a neatly attired waiter to bring the gin. Seats were drawn up within the corridor, and cigars, cigarettes, and liquors placed upon a centre table. While we cooled off in the shady breeze and smoked fragrant weeds, the superintendent, or administrator, as he is generally called, told us how he had taken his glasses that morning and gone into the tower overlooking the plantation immediately upon the departure of the Spanish column. And as the column wended its way along down an avenue of cane, he saw several horsemen skirting along the field to the west. He turned and looked to the north, and there were more horsemen standing like statues upon a ridge. Turning to the east, he thought he could discern a solitary horseman winding in and out among the palm-trees, evidently following the course of the snakelike column. "And those were insurgents," said the administrator. "They were watching the movements of the column; they knew that the column camped here; they knew when the bugle sounded and when the camp broke, and they followed in its wake. Yet you accuse the peasants of giving them the information, and the poor peasant pays the penalty."

The column was that of Lieutenant-Colonel Aldeo, and he had just massacred thirty peaceful farmers in cold blood.

THE NEW YORK COURT OF APPEALS.

The Court of Appeals of the State of New York, which sits at Albany, is, next to the United States Supreme Court in Washington, the most important and the most imposing tribunal in America. Its importance exceeds that of similar courts in other States by reason of the fact that causes involving much larger interests naturally arise in the Empire State, which includes the metropolis of the country. Then, again, the court has been in the past, and is at present, conducted with so much ability, dignity, and painstaking regard for duty that its decisions bear more weight in other States and in other countries than those of any other State court; indeed, none save the court of last resort in Massachusetts can approach it in the authority of its decisions as precedents. The court as at present organized was established by provisions in the State Constitution of 1867—provisions which went into effect July 1, 1870. Previous to that there had been two courts of similar jurisdiction in New York. By the Constitution of 1823 the Supreme Court was organized into eight trial circuits, with one judge to each. From any of those trial courts an appeal could be taken to three other judges, who sat for the whole State; from this intermediate court an appeal could be taken to the Court for the Correction of Errors. This final court was composed of the Chancellor, the three Supreme Court judges, and the State Senate. This court, it will be noticed, resembled very greatly the Lords' court in England. The members of the Senate, it may be remarked, seldom participated in the discussion of the cases, but they voted on the decision. Then there was the Court of Chancery, a court made famous among lawyers the world over by the decisions and opinions of Chancellors Kent and Walworth.

As the volume of business grew larger and the population of the State increased, the litigation—that is, the number of cases which reached this court—quite naturally also increased. It was soon apparent that the court could not keep up with the docket; and, besides this, there were other causes of dissatisfaction. The people, by this time, 1844, preferred to elect their own judges; they recognized that the Senatorial part of the court was partisan and uncertain, and that the Court of Chancery was both unduly expensive and tedious. So in 1846 the Court of Chancery and the Court for the Correction of Errors were both abolished, and a Court of Appeals established. The new court was to consist of eight members, four to be chosen by the people, and four selected from the members of the old Supreme Court by the Governor. The new provisions in the Constitution did not discriminate between law and equity. The first Chief Justice of this court was Freeborn G. Jewett, and among the notable associates were Ward Hunt and John K. Porter.

By the time twenty years had passed, the business had so outgrown this court that a reorganization was imperative. And so, by the Constitution of 1867, the present court of a Chief Judge and six associates was provided for, and also a Commission of Appeals to dispose of the arrearage inherited from the court which expired in 1870. Of the present court, Sanford E. Church was the first Chief Judge, and his successors were Charles J. Folger, Charles Andrews, William C. Ruger, and Charles Andrews again, Judge Andrews being the presiding judge at this time. These judges are elected for fourteen years, at an annual salary of $10,000, and must retire at seventy years of age. The present associates in order of rank after Chief-Judge Andrews are John Clinton Gray, Denis O'Brien, Edward T. Bartlett, Albert Haight, Celora E. Martin, and Irving G. Vann. The court as at present constituted has the confidence of the lawyers of the State and the respect of the people in a degree no whit less than that enjoyed, in their own time, by the elder judges of approved fame. The room in which this court sits is the finest, the most commodious, and the best adapted for its purpose of any court-room in the world. It is a pity that it cannot also be said that the room is imposing, and that in its decorations and furnishings it suggests something of its use, and of the significance of the happenings within it. Such, however, is not the case, though an artist might easily transform it.

The method of conducting the business of the court is interesting; the interior or private workings being the most interesting part, for two reasons—first, because they are the most important; and, second, because they are private and interior. The public parts are the hearing of arguments and the delivery of opinions. Oratory has all but perished from all our courts of law; it is as dead as possible in the Court of Appeals. The manner there is quietness itself, and much surprise would be excited if a lawyer exceeded what may be called the conversational tone. An argument usually seems to be very like a quiet talk between the lawyer at the bar and the judges on the bench, and apparently the effort always seems to be this—to convey and to extract information, learning, and theories of construction. But with this the public is more or less familiar. Not so, however, with the method the judges pursue in arriving at and formulating a decision. The practice in the Supreme Court in Washington is that the full bench should listen to a case, and that then the Chief Justice should assign it to a member of the court for investigation, study, and report. In the Court of Appeals, however, the cases as they arise go to judges in regular order, so that all the judges know, while the case is under argument, which member of the court will have to report on it. For instance, suppose the Chief Judge takes the first case, then the associate next in rank, Judge Gray, will take the second case, Judge O'Brien the third, Judge Bartlett the fourth, and so on till the end of the term. Each judge then studies the briefs, the authorities, and the case generally which falls to his lot, and when he has it ready he reports on it.

The court sits in consultation every Monday and Thursday afternoon during term, the judges being circled round a table, the head of which, of course, being where the Chief Judge's chair is placed; to the left of him sits the ranking associate, and so on round the table, the junior member being on the right of the Chief Judge. Now suppose the case under consideration be one that has been referred to Judge Bartlett. He will give his opinion and conclusions in an informal way; then Judge Haight, who sits on Judge Bartlett's left hand, will express his views, in assent or dissent or in doubt, as they may be; then it is passed in turn to Judge Martin, Judge Vann, Chief-Judge Andrews, Judge Gray, and Judge O'Brien, until it returns to Judge Bartlett. If there be a concurrence of opinion, Judge Bartlett will take the case in hand again and write the opinion. This opinion, before it is delivered as the decision of the court, will again be considered in council, and discussed in the same manner as the more informal report. It sometimes happens that the judge who has specially studied the case arrives at a conclusion which his colleagues cannot endorse; then there is always a question as to whether this judge has been so moved by the dissent of his colleagues as to be willing to write the opinion of the majority. When he is not willing to do this the case will be given to another judge. In cases involving principles of any novelty a dissenting judge is very apt to file the reasons for his dissent. In this court five members constitute a quorum, and four decide a case.

It will be seen that these judges have plenty of work to do. I have heard it suggested by ignorant laymen that they had a pretty easy time because of the frequent vacations. These vacations are not such in the ordinary meaning of the word—that is, periods of rest, holiday times. Instead of that they are times of hard work for the judges, for during these vacations they study and prepare the cases they have in hand, and also write the opinions not handed down in the previous term. A conscientious judge of this court needs to be a hard worker; an indolent man would make a spectacle of himself to his associates, and it is conceivable that a slow and plodding judge would soon prove himself a genuine nuisance. Let the present court work as hard as possible, and it is sure to fall behind and contribute to the law's delay. Before the present Constitution was adopted there were two branches of the court, the second branch having been engaged in the arrearage of the court. Each branch had final jurisdiction, and it sometimes happened that they would contemporaneously decide cases involving similar principles of law in opposite ways. This was embarrassing to the court and confusing to the lawyers. So in the present Constitution an Appellate Branch of the Supreme Court was established as a kind of stop-gap and protection to the Court of Appeals. Whether it will prove so or not remains to be seen, for a lawyer with a client able to pay the cost of farther appeal will seldom acknowledge that he is beaten; therefore there are few important cases likely to end in the new and intermediate court. But if the judges of the new court study the cases carefully and file sound opinions, the work of the Court of Appeals will be lightened to such a degree that the docket can be handled more quickly, and the whole machinery worked at a faster rate.

GOLDEN-ROD.

On the hazy hill it blows
  In a splendor gay and dreamy,
And the twilight softly glows
  In its texture rich and creamy.

Round it light as ether drifts—
  When the quail begins to whistle,
And the pensive light-wave shifts—
  All the silver of the thistle.

Little fairy golden tree
  In the meadow gayly waving,
All the landscape vividly
  With a flood of sunshine laving.

Though it blows in summer-time,
  'Tis the torch of gorgeous yellow
That ablaze in autumn's prime
  Sets the woodland brown and mellow.

R. K. Munkittrick.

A HEAD OF CÆSAR.

WITH the following incident in regard to Louis Napoleon I had some very little to do.

A Boston friend of mine, with a taste for bric-à-brac, was possessed of the Houdin *coup d'œil*—that is to say, at a single glance he could take in a great many things. Passing by the window of a pawnbroker's shop in Brooklyn in 1850, his attention was attracted by a ring which looked like an antique. He scrutinized it carefully, and was satisfied that it looked at least "curious." He went into the shop, asked the price of the ring, which was twenty-five dollars, and at once bought it. It was a head of Cæsar, cut in onyx. The head was a gray-white, the fillet reddish-brown, the background an olive approaching to black. One peculiarity of the head was that the marked jaw of Cæsar had been fractured, but replaced by a carefully wrought bit of gold.

My friend was pleased with his purchase, and being an inquisitive person, set about tracing the Brooklyn or New York history of the ring. He was enabled, through much persistent inquiry, to find out that the ring had passed through some five or six hands, having figured three times at pawnbrokers' sales, and that the last vender, the Brooklyn pawnbroker, had bought the ring for about the value of the gold. There the matter dropped. My friend was satisfied to wear the ring, attaching no particular significance to it, though quite certain that it was an antique.

My friend coming to Paris in 1853, a former intimacy was renewed. One evening when we were visiting M. d'A—— there was present a gentleman attached to the Louvre. He was a famous expert, and he interested us by exhibiting a small collection of antique stones. While he was talking my friend placed his hand on the back of a chair, and his ring was accidentally put in evidence. I noticed the expert direct his attention to the ring, and it seemed to attract him so much that he rather lost the thread of his discourse.

That same evening, after the Louvre official and my friend had left, M. d'A—— said to me:

"M. L——, of the Cabinet of Antiquities, insists that your Boston friend has on his finger a ring which holds the head of Cæsar, and that it is the precise antique Pope Pius VII. gave the Emperor Napoleon on the occasion of his coronation. Le diable s'en mêle. How do you join the two circumstances together? I know it's all right, but M. L—— never makes mistakes. Oblige me by finding out how your Boston friend became possessed of that singular ring."

Next day I questioned B—— about the ring, and he told me where he had purchased it—in Brooklyn—and about the date.

Shortly afterwards M. d'A—— begged me to come and dine with him, which invitation I accepted. This is what he said to me: "I have been closeted all day with M. L——, and we have ransacked a whole library, and the matter about that head of Cæsar is fairly clear. Through Hortense de Beauharnais that ring descended to his Majesty Louis Napoleon III. When he was penniless in New York, or elsewhere, he may have been forced to sell it. Do you think your friend could be induced to part with it? Will he dispose of it to the Emperor? With M. L——, I am of the opinion that that would be the best thing for him to do. There really might be amateurs of antiques in Paris who would murder your Boston friend so as to get hold of a unique head of Cæsar."

I agreed to see my friend at once. I did so, and put the matter before him. He took in the business with perfect sang-froid. I remember his saying:

"Of course it is a head of Cæsar, and a very rare one. That is why I bought it. That it once belonged to Napoleon I. or Napoleon III. is probably true, since M. L—— says so. Of course I saw the interest he took in it. M. L—— has very ferrety eyes. Did he think I stole it? Well, I am quite willing that the Emperor should have the ring back, though I shall miss it. It would not do, I understand, to give it to the Emperor, but I will tell you what I will agree to. It cost me twenty-five dollars, and the Emperor can have it for twenty-five dollars, neither more nor less."

As a go-between I saw M. d'A—— and reported progress. Now M. d'A——, who had made the expedition to Boulogne with Louis Napoleon, knew exactly the Emperor's moods.

"His Imperial Majesty never would take the ring back at that price," said M. d'A——. "Emperors cannot act as would ordinary mortals. I do not know what is the value of a unique head of Cæsar, hallowed by its historical associations. It would be dog-cheap at 5000 francs. Ask your friend to loan me the ring for to-morrow. How do we know, after all, that it did actually belong once to his Majesty? M. L—— may be romancing, and so may I. Anyhow, I have a private audience with the Emperor to-morrow. Having the ring, we can clear up the whole matter."

My friend made no objection to loaning the ring, and it was confided to my care. I remember to have gone to bed with the ring on my finger, and to have slept without dreaming either of Cæsar or Napoleon.

M. d'A—— called on me at mid-day next morning. I had the ring in my pocket, and handed it to him on our arrival at the Tuileries. As M. d'A—— had been equerry to the Emperor, he was at once admitted. He had the private entrée, I was ushered into an antechamber, where I cooled my heels for pretty near half an hour. Finally M. d'A—— came out, twirling his waxed mustache, his face beaming with smiles. This is what he told me:

"They call Louis Napoleon imperturbable! Why, I never saw a man show stronger emotions. No sooner had I shown him the ring—and I purposely blurted the whole thing at him without preface or preamble—than his Majesty was visibly affected. 'My ring, my ring! How did it turn up? Value it? Of course I do. It is a precious heirloom. I was very much in need in the United States when I sold it. It was Cæsar and a matter of bread.' Then, *sans cérémonie*, his Majesty took a bunch of keys out of his pocket, opened a drawer of his desk, dropped in the ring, and locked it up.

"'Maintenant, M. d'A——,' said the Emperor, 'I have to thank you for a great service. Pray tell me the story about the ring, and finally how much I am to pay for it.'

"I informed the Emperor as briefly as I could as to the story of the ring, and praised M. L—— for his acumen. His Majesty took out his tablet, made some notes of the facts, and handing his note-book to me, requested me to write down the name of your Boston friend and his address.

"'And the price?' asked his Majesty.

"'It cost the former owner of the ring, please your Majesty, twenty-five dollars, say 125 francs, and the gentleman insists that he is to be paid neither more nor less than 125 francs.'

"'I like that,' said the Emperor, laughing. 'It is a good specimen of proper American independence. But I could not think of accepting the ring. It is not a matter of business.'

"Then the Emperor rang his bell, and the private chamberlain entered. His Majesty scribbled off a note and handed it to the chamberlain. Then the Emperor talked to me about matters quite foreign to the ring, though he opened the drawer and had another look at it. In ten minutes the chamberlain was back, and gave his Majesty a small black morocco case. The Emperor did not open it, but handed the case at once to me.

"'You will give this,' said the Emperor, 'to your friend, with my very best wishes and thanks. He has worn the ring. Tell him it will give me infinite pleasure if he will accept what is in this case from me. If he is married, his wife might like to wear it.' Then the Emperor turned to his chamberlain and said, 'Take the address of this gentleman, who is from Boston. Send him invitations to anything of interest which may happen during his stay in Paris.' Then addressing me, he added: 'I should be glad if you would present your friend to me. I shall be at leisure some day towards the close of the week, at St. Cloud, of an afternoon. And once more, let me thank you, as an intermediary in a matter which is of great personal interest to me.'

"That was my dismissal, and a most gracious one," concluded M. d'A——. "Now we will take our coupé and drive to the Bois."

In the coupé, bowling along the Champs Élysée, M. d'A—— said: "You are not curious? I am like a woman, just bursting with curiosity! It is perfectly admissible to get a look at what the Emperor of France gives to a republican gentleman, and so here goes."

M. d'A—— touched the catch of the black morocco case, and there flashed a big diamond.

D'A——, who knew everything about the Emperor, said: "I have seen his Majesty wear that diamond pin occasionally. I am no appraiser of precious stones, but if it is worth anything, its value is five thousand francs, or more, seeing it is an Indian-cut stone. Let us turn back. We might be robbed. Just as soon as possible we must get the bauble into the hands of this man from Boston."

And the man from Boston was given the diamond, and when he looked at it he said: "Well, what the deuce is this, anyway? I never can wear it. A white elephant! Dear me!" And he rubbed his hands together, and said, "How I miss that rubbishy old ring!"

When we were presented to the Emperor, some time afterwards, my Boston friend behaved nicely. Louis Napoleon referred to the ring, and the Boston man rather evaded the subject. What my friend really appreciated was the Emperor's sending him, some years afterwards, his *Histoire de Jules Cæsar*, and on the fly-leaf were the author's initials.

I met my Boston friend a year ago. At once he reverted to the ring. He said: "For years I have been trying to find out what is nigh impossible, and it is this: How was the head of Cæsar broken? Who fractured it? What historical enigma is there? It could not have been broken unless violence was used. It was a head of Cæsar in his older days. Was it smashed after Cæsar's assassination? Those old fellows were iconoclasts. Some beast vented perhaps his rage on dead Cæsar in that way. Or was it later on, in Italian mediæval times? Some man wore it and was murdered, and a hand was interposed to ward off a sword-blow, and so the ring suffered. Did it bring luck to its wearer? Poor old Louis Napoleon! The diamond! Oh, I haven't seen it for years! I think my wife gave it to one of our grandchildren. Some writing-man ought to build up a story in the Prosper Mérimée manner on that head of Cæsar. I am not superstitious, but I really am glad I got rid of it."

"Se non è vero è ben trovato," might be applicable to what is fiction, but I have written down the facts of a trivial matter as accurately as my memory serves me.

To kick at even the memory of the fallen is an ugly trait of human nature, and Louis Napoleon and Eugénie have come in of late for much unmerited abuse.

"I saw, some months ago," said a friend who had just left Paris, "a gaping and not an over-civil crowd pressing around an old and tottering woman. It was the former Empress Eugénie. She was passing through Paris. Confound it!" added my friend, "that crowd did not even show scant human pity for a childless old woman."

BARNET PHILLIPS.

LOVE'S KINGDOM.

You see no pomp of circumstance,
  No entourage of pride,
My lowly seeming to enhance
  As I walk by your side.
All day, at others' beck and call,
  My work obscure is done,
But off my shabby garments fall
  When comes the set of sun.

You may not know it, friend, but then
  I, walking by your side,
Am crowned and sceptred, king of men;
  Let none my state deride;
For when I turn my own latch-key
  My wife is at the stair,
The baby claps her hands with glee,
  And I am royal there.

M. E. S.

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THE NEW YORK SUN *on April 11, 1896, said of*

HARPER'S PERIODICALS

They are handsome and delightful all, and are as friends that one is glad to see. They please the eye; the artistic sense is gratified by them; they overflow with varied material for the reader. They educate and entertain. They are the well-known and well-liked literary and artistic chronicles of the time. They are a credit to their publishers and to the discernment of the public that approves them. May they continue to be as admirable as they have been and as they are. Better could hardly be wished for them.

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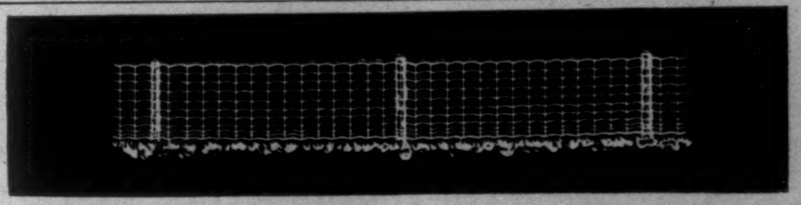

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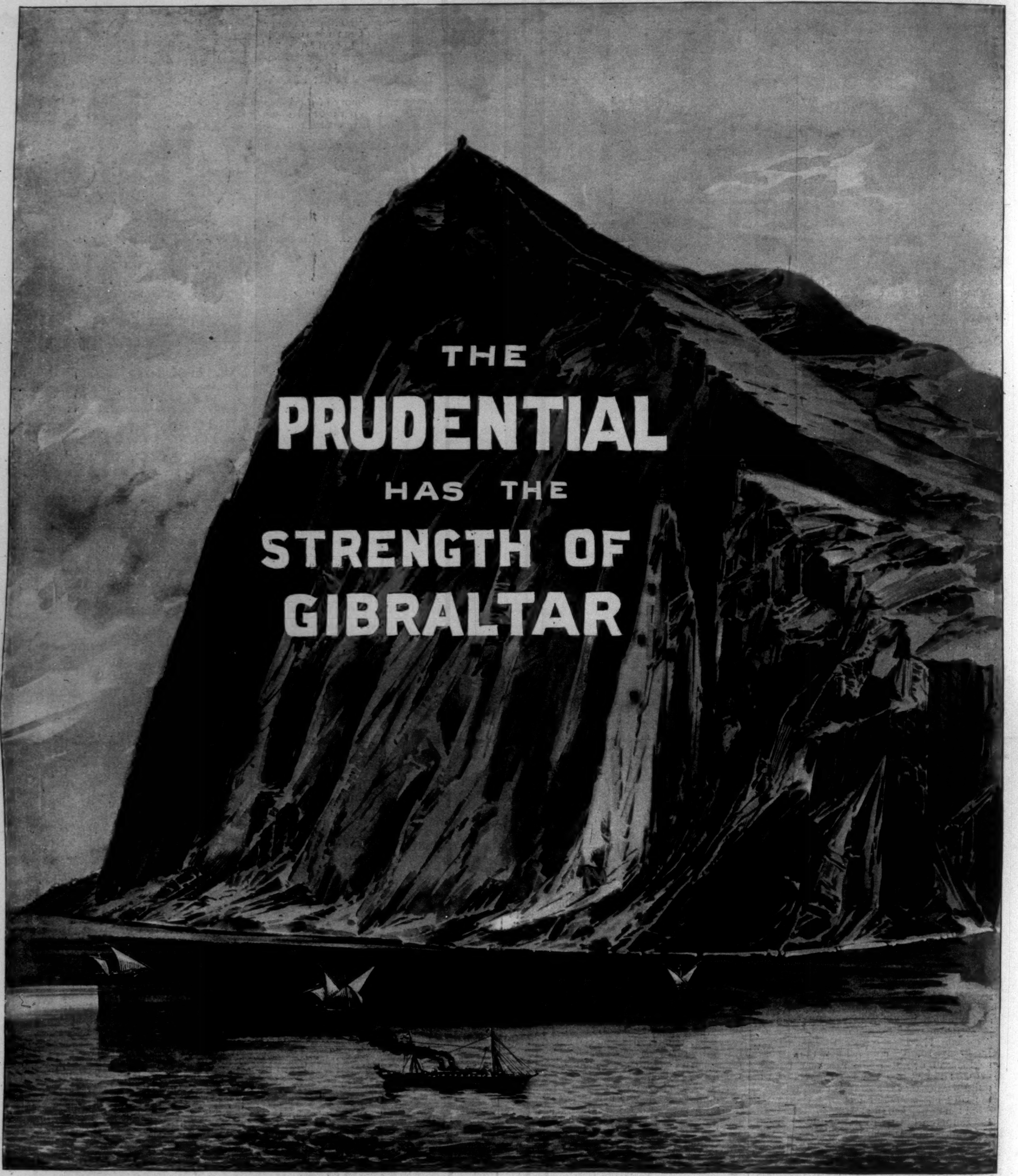
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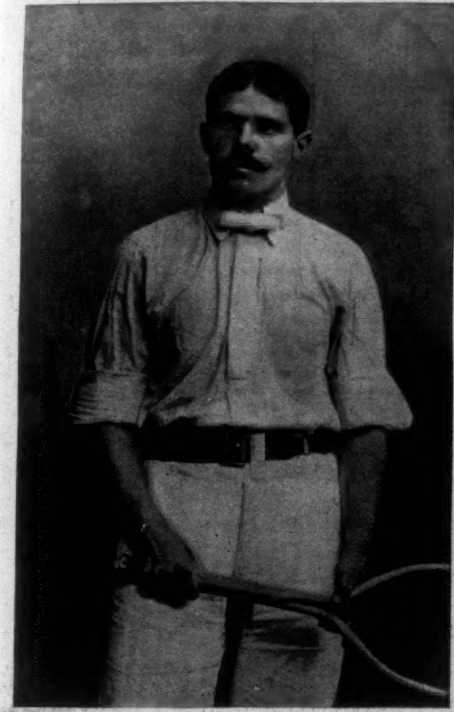
AMATEUR · SPORT

THE YACHTSMEN OF LAKE ERIE are hardy sailors. They are expert too, and alert, as they have need to be, for a cruise on this most treacherous of the Great Lakes often makes continuous demands on the skipper's skill. Their mistress is a shallow vixen, and being shallow, is capricious.

The breeze that from the south bears upon Lake Erie ever so lightly at morn, may at night sweep from the north with whirlwind fury. With all her fickleness, however, this almost smallest of the great "unsalted seas" has charms that lure the cruising yachtsmen from one extremity of the lake to the other.



F. H. HOVEY, EX-CHAMPION.

FOUR GREAT CITIES CONTRIBUTE to the yachting fraternity. At the eastern end of the lake is Buffalo, with a protected harbor, and open sailing for miles to the west. Nearly at the centre of the southern shore is Cleveland, with a protected harbor, and an open cruising-ground east and west. At the western end of the lake, a few miles from open water on the Maumee River, lies Toledo, with many enthusiastic Corinthian sailor-men; and to the northwest, beyond the mouth of the Maumee, where the Detroit River flows into the lake with gentle force, Detroit yachtsmen sail back and forth from lake to river, and river to lake, the livelong season. In these four cities are the more prominent yacht clubs, and in addition are those of the smaller towns. Sandusky boasts quite a fine organization; Put-in-Bay has sufficient enthusiasts among the island residents to support a small club, and there are one or two clubs of some prominence on the Canadian side of the lake.

FROM TIME TO TIME desultory attempts were made to unite the clubs in an association for the purpose of holding a general regatta. In 1888 this partially succeeded. Races were held at Put-in-Bay, and well attended. But disagreements arose, and that was the end of inter-club yachting for a number of years. In 1894 another organization was proposed and perfected. The excitement over the races on the Atlantic coast for the *America's* Cup spread to the yachtsmen on Lake Erie. Friends of the sport did all in their power to attract yachtsmen to the Put-in-Bay regatta, given by the Inter-Lake Yachting Association, the new organization, and the result was the best attended and the largest regatta ever held in the history of fresh-water yachting. Over fifty of the finest yachts of the lake assembled at Put-in-Bay, and cast anchor not a half-hour's sail from the historic spot where Commodore Perry sank the British fleet on September 10, 1813.

THE TOTAL NUMBER OF YACHTS on Lake Erie is about 150—rather an insignificant showing, no doubt, to a seacoast mind. To the lake yachtsmen, however, it speaks encouragement, for it means that in five years this fleet has grown from a mere half-dozen boats. Ten years ago the keel boat was a theory and a myth, so far as the lake builders were concerned; now it is the most popular type, if for no other reason, because of its greater safety in the sudden squalls for which the lake is noted.

For years the champion of the lakes was the centreboard sloop *Fanchon*, of Put-in-Bay. Not much attempt was made in the earlier days of her history to effect classification, and she simply sailed out to challenge and race everything that came along. Whether big or little, the *Fanchon* brought their colors down. Low in the water, black, rakish, saucy as she was, every visitor to Put-in-Bay was sent home impressed thoroughly with the idea that she was the "champeen boat," as the natives called her. There came a day when she lowered her colors, and, to the consternation of the centreboard advocates, a keel boat actually outsailed her.

The father of yachting on Lake Erie, one might almost say of yachting on the entire chain of lakes, is Commodore George W. Gardner, of Cleveland, for years an active yachtsman. In Cleveland especially has he been a missionary in the field of aquatic sport. He is honorary commodore of the Cleveland Yacht Club, the first and only yachtsman ever elected to that position.

AMONG THE FIRST YACHTS to make a reputation at the Toledo end of the lake was the 75-foot schooner *Nomad*, built by Bailey in 1867, for Drs. Lungren and Skinner.

In 1878 the first Toledo organization of yachtsmen was formed, and called the Toledo Yacht Club. It had quarters on Gard Island, and took a lead in yachting circles that it has never relinquished.

The present revival in yachting dates from 1894. In that year Commodore Potter built the steel 46-foot keel sloop *Sultana*, and her appearance at the Inter-Lake regatta marked a new era in racing. In that year also Captain Craig launched his sloop *Scorpion*, but not proving so fast as he had hoped, she was sold. Boats were built rapidly, and famous additions to the fleet were *Charon*, Captain Klauser; *Crescent*, Captain Rouse; *Osprey*, Captain Frey; *Stella*, August Machen, now Superintendent of the U. S. Free Delivery Service; *Fleetwing*, Captain O'Neil's swift two-sticker; *Fanchon*, brought from Put-in-Bay by Captains Bills and Curtis; *Kate Graham*, Captain Herrick; and *Scud*, which was brought from Buffalo by George and Valentine Ketcham, Jun.

"ALICE ENRIGHT" WAS THE CRACK of her time, and is a good boat yet. She won race after race at Put-in-Bay, and carried off sweepstake honors all along the lake. She was sold to Detroit, and has since made a big record there. *Enright* has to lay over so as to nearly show her centreboard before she is at her best. In 1886 Edward Mitchel built *Shamrock*, and she, with *Lulu*, brought from Cleveland by Commodore Potter, and *Enright*, formed a trio which was the pride of these waters. In the fall of 1890 Thomas Temple was lost off *Enright* in a terrible gale, and his untimely death threw a shadow over Toledo yachting, from which it was long in recovering.

The Ohio Yacht Club was organized in 1885, and although it had some good sailors, possessed few yachts. It had the distinction, however, of seeing its burgee float from the largest yacht in fresh waters at that time, viz., the 96-foot schooner *Speranza*, bought in 1888 by Commodore George H. Ketcham. At present the club owns a modern house at Presque Isle, which is quite a resort in the summer season. It has also commodious uptown quarters in the Neptune block. The Toledo Yacht Club has recently given up its lease and club-house on Gard Island, and is preparing to build a fine house, to cost $4000, at Riverside Park, near the yacht anchorage.

E. P. FISCHER AND G. P. SHELDON, JUN.

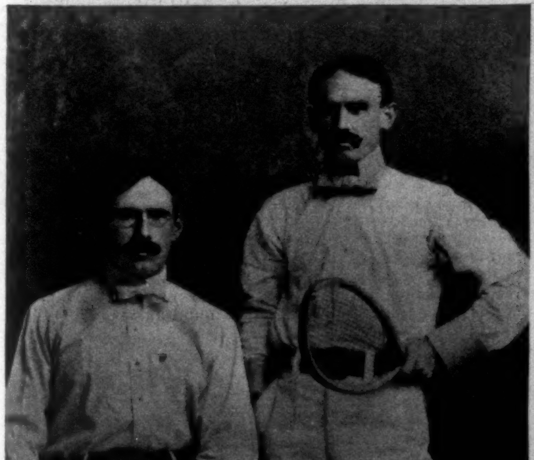
TOLEDO HAS HAD HER SHARE in exploiting the skimming-dish pattern, for she sent *Brownie* to Put-in-Bay in 1894, and won everything in that class. Last year she sent *Elfin*, with the same result, and Captain Lyons's *Volant*, which was recently launched, is on the same lines.

Last year the beautiful *Puritana* made her appearance. She is owned by Captain S. O. Richardson, and was built at Racine. She is a sister boat to Commodore Berriman's *Valiant*, at Chicago. *Puritana* is a forty-footer, I. L. Y. A. measurement, and has never been beaten in her class.

Toledo furnished two clubs of the original seven that made up the Inter-Lake Yachting Association, and several sailing-masters who have made reputations that extend around the lakes, none being more widely known than "Kid" Wilds and "General" Fred Fuller, of *Helen*, *Daisy*, *Osprey*, and, later, *Falcon*.

At present Toledo's fleet is quite large. *Sigma* and *Puritana* are in both clubs, and the other boats are divided as follows: Toledo Yacht Club.—Sailing-boats—*Sultana*, E. D. Potter, Jun.; *Viking*, Captain Frank R. Frey; *Oberon*, R. P. Mathias; *Neptune*, John Lindsay; *Lotus*, J. W. Hepburn; *Crescent*, Lou. Colton; *Sharpie*, J. W. Hepburn; *Nadjy*, Ed. Grasser; *Mischief*, H. W. Dachtler; *Butterball*, L. Mathias; *Pearl*, Walter Coakley; *Flirt*, Otto Burien; *Elfin*, F. R. Frey; *Teal*, Ned Radbone, Jun., 2d; *Volant*, J. W. Lyons; *Midget*, Captain Gilmour; *Brownie*, J. W. Taylor; *Unknown*, Captain Coakley; *Mistake*, H. E. King; *Ailene*, H. N. Minnse; *Karp*, J. M. Mathias; *Clytie*, William Schumacher; *Ajax*, Ed. Grasser; *Alert*, W. Coakley. Steam—*Cygnet*, William Gates. Naphtha—*Coquette*, J. W. Hepburn; *Puritan*, Oliver Hepburn.

Ohio Yacht Club.—Sailing-boats—*Scud*, F. T. Berdan; *Crescent*, L. Colton; *Mischief*, H. W. Dachtler; *Iolanthe*, V. W. Granger, Jun.; *Falcon*, Falcon Club; *Sprite*, Waite Brothers. Steam and naphtha—*Nellie*, J. Weber; *Craig*, John Craig; *Arlington*, A. U. Betts; *Eva*, J. W. Sanfleet; *Pearl*, G. G. Hadley, Jun.; *Restless*, A. Weber. Captain George Craig's new keel sloop *Czarina* will also fly an O. Y. C. flag when she is launched.



CARR B. NEEL AND S. R. NEEL.
National Doubles Champions.

M. D. WHITMAN, G. L. WRENN, R. D. WRENN (PRESENT CHAMPION), AND W. A. LARNED.

SIXTEENTH NATIONAL LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP, NEWPORT, AUGUST 18-25, 1896.

Preliminary Round.	First Round.	Second Round.	Third Round.	Fourth Round.	Finals.	Winner of All Comers.	
	C. B. Neel,	Neel, 6-1, 6-2, 6-2.	Neel, 6-4, 6-2, 6-4.	Neel, 6-4, 6-0, 7-9, 9-7.	Wrenn, 2-6, 14-12, 4-6, 6-4, 6-1.	Wrenn, 4-6, 3-6, 6-4, 6-4, 6-3.	Wrenn, 7-5, 3-6, 6-0, 1-6, 6-1.
	J. R. Carpenter.						
	E. Lynman,	Cragin, 3-6, 7-5, 6-3, 5-7, 6-3.					
	C. Cragin.						
	F. B. Stevens, Jun.,	Budlong, 6-2, 6-1, 6-1.	Stevens, 6-4, 0-6, 6-4, 6-4.				
A. W. Post, C. R. Budlong.	Budlong, 7-5, 6-4, 6-2.						
W. C. Grant, R. Stevens.	Stevens, 6-2, 6-3, 6-3.	Stevens, 6-4, 6-1, 6-4.					
R. H. Palmer, G. H. Miles.	Miles, 8-6, 6-1, 6-1.						
C. M. Pope, H. D. Cleveland.	Pope, 9-7, 7-5, 6-2.	Paret, 6-3, 6-2, 6-3.	G. L. Wrenn, 6-1, 6-0, 6-3.	R. D. Wrenn, 2-6, 7-9, 7-5. 9-7.			
J. P. Paret, C. X. Cordier, Jun.	Paret, by default.						
A. Hawes, J. McL. Walton.	Hawes, 6-1, 4-6, 6-3, 6-2.	Wrenn, 6-4, 7-9, 6-4, 6-1.					
L. H. Turner, G. L. Wrenn.	G. L. Wrenn, 6-1, 6-1, 6-2.						
C. A. Gould, H. E. Avery.	Gould, 2-6, 6-2, 7-5, 6-3.	E. Wrenn, 6-0, 6-1, 6-0.	R. D. Wrenn, 6-4, 6-4, 12-10.				
E. Wrenn, W. J. Clothier.	E. Wrenn, 6-1, 6-2, 6-0.						
R. D. Wrenn, N. P. Hallowell.	R. D. Wrenn, 7-9, 3-6, 6-1, 6-1, 6-3.	R. D. Wrenn, 6-1, 6-8, 9-7, 6-2.					
J. C. Davidson, D. Davis.	Davis, 6-4, 6-3, 6-2.						
S. Ward, E. Stillé.	Stillé, 9-7, 6-2, 4-6, 6-2.	Larned, 6-3, 6-4, 6-0.	Larned, 6-4, 6-2, 6-4.	Larned, 6-4, 6-1, 6-2.	Larned, 6-1, 6-2, 6-1.		
W. A. Larned, Deane Miller.	Larned, 6-4, 6-3, 6-3.						
G. W. Lee, W. A. Bethel.	Lee, 3-6, 6-4, 6-4, 6-8, 6-3.	Lee, 6-3, 8-6, 6-2.					
J. K. Willing, E. A. Thomson.	Willing, by default.						
M. D. Whitman, J. F. Talmage, Jun.	Whitman, 6-1, 6-4, 6-3.	Whitman, 6-0, 6-2, 6-0.	Whitman, 6-3, 6-2, 6-0.				
C. Cleveland, Jun., A. Von W. Leslie.	Cleveland, 6-4, 8-6, 6-0.						
H. Ward, L. J. Grant.	Ward, 6-1, 6-3, 6-2.	Ward, 2-6, 8-6, 4-6, 6-4, 6-2.					
W. W. Reese, R. P. Davis.	Davis, 6-3, 6-1, 6-3.						
K. Horton, G. P. Sheldon, Jun.	Sheldon, 7-5, 6-3, 8-6.	Sheldon, 4-6, 6-2, 6-4, 6-2.	Sheldon, 6-1, 6-8, 6-4, 3-6, 8-6.	Fischer, 6-4, 7-5, 2-6, 8-6.			
R. T. Parke, J. C. Neely.	Neely, 4-6, 6-1, 6-2, 9-7.						
R. Fincke, L. E. Ware.	Ware, 6-1, 8-6, 6-2.	Ware, 6-2, 6-0, 6-3.					
	Y. M. Edwards.						
	W. D. Brownell,	Carleton, by default.	Fischer, 6-3, 3-6, 6-1, 6-0.				
	R. H. Carleton.						
	W. Jordan,	Fischer, 6-1, 6-3, 6-2.				F. H. Hovey, Champion 1895.	
	E. P. Fischer.						

Championship Round. . . . { F. H. Hovey, champion 1895.
R. D. Wrenn, winner of All Comers. } Wrenn, 7-5, 3-6, 6-0, 1-6, 6-1.—Champion 1896.

INTERSCHOLASTIC CHAMPIONSHIP.

Preliminary Round.	Semi-final Round.	Final Round.	Interscholastic Champion.
	J. K. Willing (U. of Pa.),	Fincke, 6-2, 6-1, 5-7, 6-4.	Fincke, 6-2, 6-4, 2-6, 6-4.
R. Fincke (Yale), L. H. Turner (Univ. of Chicago).	Fincke, 6-4, 6-2, 6-8, 6-3.		
C. W. Beggs (Princeton), J. McL. Walton (Columbia).	Walton, by default,	Edwards, 6-1, 6-0, 6-3.	
	Y. M. Edwards (Harvard).		

DOUBLES CHAMPIONSHIP.

C. B. and S. R. Neel
vs.
R. D. Wrenn and M. G. Chace, champions 1895.
} C. B. and S. R. Neel. 6-3, 1-6, 6-1, 3-6, 6-1, champions 1896.

Consolation final—J. F. Talmage, Jun., beat J. K. Willing, 6-2, 6-1.

R. D. **Wrenn defeated Larned**, 4–6, 3–6, 6–4, 6–4, 6–3, for the All-Comers cup, August 24, and, for the second time in the lawn-tennis national championships, won his match through sheer persistency of purpose, and that quality he has in such abundance of not counting himself beaten until the final score records it. Never was a match played which more emphatically demonstrated the great merit of that quality, or showed in so clear a light the varying dispositions of these two players.

For two sets Larned was literally invincible, playing all around Wrenn, in an exhibition of such brilliant tennis as had never been surpassed on Newport courts. And in the third set, when he realized that Wrenn was hanging to him closely, and growing more formidable with every game, Larned began to play more carefully, which in his case always means a loss of dash and aggression, and from that time Wrenn assumed the lead. Wrenn won the match absolutely on his pluck and great ability in returning, which has attained for him the reputation of being the most remarkable "getter" in this country.

A study of the analyzed score shows to better advantage the extraordinary skill of Wrenn in this direction, and tells a tale of brilliant erratic tennis beaten by steady all-round good work.

First Set.	Passes.	Outs.	Nets.	Double Faults.
Wrenn	6	9	6	
Larned	19	9	8	3
Second Set.				
Wrenn	14	9	13	1
Larned	26	11	13	
Third Set.				
Wrenn	11	7	4	1
Larned	14	8	9	2
Fourth Set.				
Wrenn	13	10	6	1
Larned	17	13	11	
Fifth Set.				
Wrenn	15	5	4	
Larned	19	8	14	

Here we have the interesting results that Wrenn passed his opponent 59 times to 95 times his opponent passed him; that he lost 40 points by knocking balls out of court, and 33 by driving them into the net, while Larned lost respectively 49 and 55 points the same way. While the match proved the unquestioned superiority of Larned's game at its best over Wrenn's, it also proved that Larned's play is absolutely unreliable, and that it will be folly to ever again expect consistency of form in his work. There was good reason this year for believing that, after a season of play on English courts, Larned would for once go through the Newport tournament without the usual reversal of form. But it seems no amount of gruelling will make Larned a consistent performer. It appears more a question of disposition than of "off days." So soon as the result of a match becomes invested with importance Larned's play grows unsteady. There is small doubt that had Carr Neel beaten Wrenn he would have won the championship. After the splendid exhibition of skill Neel gave against Wrenn, and after so convincing evidence of the positive unreliability of either Larned or Hovey in a match, Neel's rank next to Wrenn cannot be questioned. Larned and Hovey have been given many opportunities to prove they could sustain their skill beyond fitful streaks, and have failed in most of them; Neel has had but two opportunities on Eastern courts, and surpassed expectations in each. In short, Wrenn and Neel have the quality in which Hovey and Larned are wanting—heart to keep up their game in the face of adversity.

Wrenn beat Hovey, 7–5, 3–6, 6–0, 1–6, 6–1, the next day, and regained the championship which he lost last year. After his victory over Larned, it was generally believed he would defeat Hovey, whose hope of success this year rested almost entirely on Wrenn's not being up to his best form. Wrenn's recuperative powers, however, are nearly as remarkable as his "getting" ability. At the first of the week he showed miserable tennis, was a little better in each of the matches with his brothers, Evart and G. L., still better against Neel, though not up to top form, and against Larned he showed his best work of the year. He did not reveal such strong tennis against Hovey; it was not necessary, for Hovey beat himself to even a greater extent than did Larned. Hovey earned about 60 per cent. of his points, while Wrenn earned but 20. A study of the analyzed score of this match is even more interesting than that of the Wrenn-Larned:

First Set.	Passes.	Outs.	Nets.	Double Faults.
Wrenn	8	9	5	
Hovey	20	13	15	1
Second Set.				
Wrenn	4	11	5	
Hovey	24	16	10	2
Third Set.				
Wrenn	6	2	1	2
Hovey	6	10	11	2
Fourth Set.				
Wrenn	7	12	3	
Hovey	7	12	8	1
Fifth Set.				
Wrenn	3	4	1	
Hovey	7	12	11	1

I doubt if so remarkable a score was ever made. Wrenn earned on placed balls but 28 points, while his opponent earned 81; but Wrenn earned 63 points on the number of times Hovey knocked the ball out of court, and 55 for the times he returned it into the net, while Wrenn gave Hovey but 38 points on his outs, and 15 on netted balls.

Wrenn played with more confidence against Hovey, perhaps, than he had against Larned, and certainly than he had against Neel. He ran to the net continuously, and his game was more aggressive, and his volleying at times the best of the week. He knew Hovey's game and disposition well, and played accordingly. Hovey gave glimpses of the superb tennis of which he is capable on occasion, and at such times passed Wrenn at will. At other times he played miserably, getting nervous and careless in the third set, and going to pieces in the fifth.

As for Wrenn, no man ever more richly deserved reward for his labors. He won the championship with the odds of superior skill and his own lack of practice against him. In the week before Newport his form was far below his best, and none believed him equal to the national championship; indeed, few thought he would survive his match with Neel. Nevertheless, he is the champion, after three hard five-set matches against the three best men in America. In saying that had Wrenn the strokes of Larned or Hovey he would be a perpetual champion, I only repeat what I have before written.

The International Lake Yacht-Race off Toledo last week, between *Canada*, representing the Royal Canadian Yacht Club of Toronto, and *Vencedor*, representing the Lincoln Park Yacht Club of Chicago, hinged more on the force of wind than the relative speed of the competing boats. The result of the racing was rather a decisive demonstration of the superior craftiness of Canadian match-making than a victory of *Canada* over *Vencedor*. The Chicago yacht was beaten before she had sailed a leg of the series; or, to put it more intelligently, the handicap she carried in spreading but about 100 square feet more canvas on a greater l. w. l. length of nearly 15 feet, and with about 20 more feet length over all than *Canada*, convinced expert observers that nothing short of a gale could blow her to victory.

Thus before the race it was a foregone conclusion that in a fair to light breeze *Canada* must win, while in a heavy wind lay all the hopes of *Vencedor*.

The match has at least attained the distinction of being the most unique in the history of American yacht-racing. If any conditions are recorded in this country more novel and one-sided than those to which Mr. Berriman consented, they are yet to be discovered. For instance, the articles of agreement stipulated that "*Vencedor's* length on load water-line shall not be less than 43 feet, and her corrected length, to be ascertained as hereinafter mentioned, shall not exceed 45 feet; but should it be ascertained, on measurement, that this corrected length is exceeded, double time allowance shall be given on such excess, but in no event shall such excess exceed half a foot"; while as to the conditions governing the construction of *Canada*, the agreement set forth: "The boat which shall be selected by the Royal Canadian Yacht Club as its representative shall, if possible, not exceed 42½ feet corrected length."

"If possible"!! Shade of that Occidental sagacity we have been wont to believe hovered over Chicago, whither hadst thou fled during these negotiations? Experience is a costly, sometimes a sorrowful teacher, but my confidence in Western perspicacity is indeed sadly misplaced if the lesson of '96 requires repetition. Chicago's patron saint need not again hide his diminished head in the sylvan solitudes of Put-in-Bay, else I greatly overestimate the aptitude of his subjects.

A clearer conception of *Vencedor's* initial handicap may be obtained by a few figures: *Canada's* length over all is 51.21; *Vencedor's*, 62.73; l. w. l., *Canada*, 37.04; *Vencedor*, 43 feet; sail area, *Canada*, 2164.91 square feet; *Vencedor*, 2273.07; racing length, *Canada*, 41.78; *Vencedor*, 45.33. Thus in 24 miles *Vencedor* allows *Canada* 4 min. 45 sec.! When it is further considered that the lines of *Vencedor* were laid before the match was consummated, and that she was originally designed for a l.w.l. of 44 ft. 9 in., and to carry over 2500 sq. ft. of canvas, enough has been written to explain why *Canada* carried away the cup and 60 per cent. of the $1500 purse. That purse was another and an unwholesome feature that added to the uniqueness of this aquatic contest. The first international or inter-club race ever sailed for money in American waters. And an agreement entered into by Berriman and Jarvis before the event, to divide it at the rate of 60 per cent. to the winner and 40 to the loser! The wonder is they did not demand some division of the excursion-boat receipts to help defray their racing expenses! Yachtsmen are supposed to race for sport; if the maintenance of a racing-yacht is dependent upon the hanging up of a purse, it would redound to their credit and further the best interests of sport if they retired in favor of gentlemen whose incomes permitted the luxury of racing.

Of the first day's race there is little to say. It was not a race. It was a procession in the lightest of airs, and *Canada* won by 22 min. 44 sec. corrected time, requiring 5 h. 19 m. to cover the 24 miles. The second day a wind ranging from 15 to 25 knots an hour gave the *Vencedor* the desired opportunity over the 20-mile course, but by overstanding the mark and not being handled so well as *Canada*, she lost by 26 sec., when victory seemed assured. *Canada's* rigging was more modern, and she was more skilfully sailed at all times.

Toledo gave a royally generous welcome to all visitors, yachtsmen and laymen, and the Association managed the event faultlessly.

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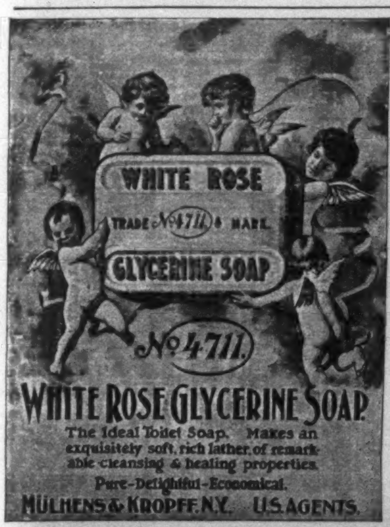

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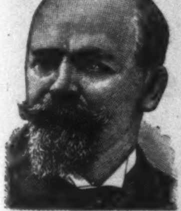

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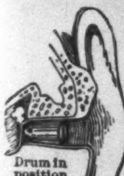

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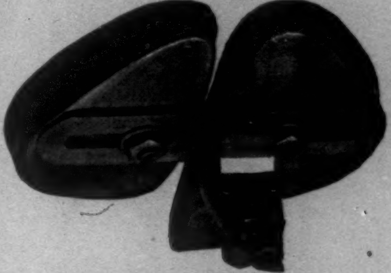

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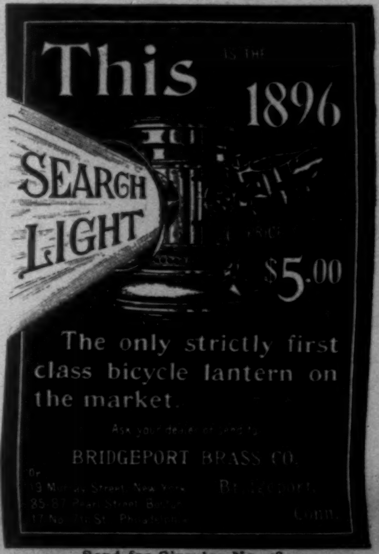

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